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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE unemployment figures are up again—this time by nearly 80,000, at a period of the year when trade is usually improving—and the Government is again conferring. Mr. Lloyd George has been present at some of these consultations, and some nervousness is felt in Labour circles as to the comments he may feel called upon to make as to the incompetence of the Government when Parliament meets.

It all depends. A vigorous propaganda is going on in what remains of the Liberal Press for Mr. Lloyd George to preside over the Indian Round Table Conference, and if he were appointed to that chair, it would certainly diminish the force of any attack which he might feel disposed to make on the Government's failure at home.

As to the Round Table Conference itself, it does not really matter very much whether Mr. Lloyd George, or Lord Sankey, or even Mr. Wedgwood

Benn presides over it. None of these gentlemen, however eminent or well-meaning, can work a miracle, and nothing but a miracle can make the Conference a success.

It may, indeed, succeed in the elaborate pretence of discussing responsible government for India, in the same atmosphere of make-believe as dyarchy was discussed and introduced ten years ago. The thing may even appear to work for a time, by those who wish to believe that a sham is a reality, in much the same way that Mr. Montagu was persuaded in 1917 that every authority in India was wrong and he alone was right. But the facts are not really altered by the use of distorting political mirrors, and the facts of the situation are against the genuine success of the Round Table Conference.

I cannot resist the suspicion that Mr. Graham's endorsement of the so-called tariff truce is evidence rather of his Socialist guile than of his Free Trade guilelessness. The six months for which it is to run will cover the Imperial Conference, and so



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will enable the Government to resist any suggestions of a Protectionist nature from the Dominions on the score that they are already pledged not to make any alterations in the British fiscal system.

The same artfulness lies behind Mr. Henderson's desire for a disarmament conference next year. The recent Naval Conference opened the eyes of the Cabinet to the possibilities of such gatherings as a means of silencing the Opposition and of frustrating all attempts to force a General Election. In this respect the future, from the Labour standpoint, is particularly bright.

The Imperial and Round Table Conferences can, with skilful management, be kept going until the spring, and if a Disarmament Conference of indeterminate length can be commenced then, the Government will be safe for another year. How long the Opposition can be cajoled into inertia by these appeals to its patriotism I do not know, but Mr. MacDonald apparently thinks that its patience is inexhaustible.

The new Canadian tariff, as was to be expected, is considerably higher than its predecessor, and a direct reply to the challenge of the punitive American fiscal policy. Our Free Traders, with their usual blindness to fact, will probably say that this will increase unemployment in the Dominion; but the new Conservative Premier, who should know something about it, is of a directly contrary opinion.

Incidentally, the new Canadian tariff appears to increase the handicap on British export trade, though the preferences are preserved. Its exact effect can hardly be estimated until the full details are available, but Mr. Bennett apparently believes in defining his policy before the Imperial Conference assembles. As the Imperial Conference, with Mr. Snowden in the background, is not likely to put forward any constructive idea that is of the slightest use to Ottawa, the Canadian Prime Minister can hardly be blamed for getting his blow in first.

Two by-elections are now pending, one in London and one in Yorkshire, but the position of the Conservative Party—should I not rather say the Conservative parties?—remains obscure. In South Paddington, a safe seat in ordinary circumstances, there are two candidates, one official and one Rothermere or United Empire. In the Yorkshire vacancy there is as yet no news of any unofficial candidate.

After the Bromley by-election it would be absurd to prophesy, but it seems obvious that the official candidate in Paddington must be at a disadvantage not merely because of the presence of a rival, but because of the lack of any official policy or lead that the plain man can understand. One can agree or disagree with the United Empire programme—and for my part I regard it as the curate's egg, no more—but at least it stands for something definite, and is therefore likely to appeal.

At the same time, if the independent Conservative organizations confine their activities to the South of England they are not likely to get very far. It is a sound working rule in politics to regard one seat won north of the Trent as the equivalent of two seats held south of the Trent; and if one of the independent organizations would fight and win a seat in Yorkshire or Lancashire that has so far resisted the official Conservative candidate, it would soon be on the high road to success.

The Spanish Government is to be congratulated upon its decision to raise the censorship. I am not one of those who believe that in no circumstances should the Press ever be censored, but more harm than good is done by keeping the muzzle on too long. At the same time, I hope that Spanish journalists will realize that they have duties as well as privileges, and will not abuse their regained freedom.

Although the new government at Buenos Aires appears to be well established, rumours of unrest in other Latin-American countries are very prevalent. The Argentine revolution, coming on top of similar outbreaks in Bolivia and Peru and of the General Election in Canada, would seem to show that a wave of discontent is sweeping over the whole of America. Everywhere the governments and the oppositions seem to be changing places, and it is difficult to say when the movement will stop.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the supporters of Mr. Hoover are feeling alarmed. The President has been singularly unlucky ever since he took office, though the electorate is not likely to take that into account, and will almost certainly blame him for everything that has gone wrong. In fact, the prospect of a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is by no means remote, and that would mean deadlock until the next Presidential Election.

The *Shamrock* has proved a sad disappointment to her owner and builder and captain, and also, it must be added, to the sporting American public, who admired the gallant spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton and almost hoped to see him win. After losing the first three races it is highly unlikely that *Shamrock* can win the next four, but nothing less will restore the Cup to the challenger.

I entirely agree with Mr. Edward Thompson, in *The Times*, that some effort should be made to check sensationalism in politics and literature. If one were to believe some of the recent books, youth, both in England and America, is entirely corrupt and lascivious. It may be so, but I have seen no evidence of it whatever, and I can only suppose that I have been more fortunate than some of the authors in question in the circles I frequent.

Some time ago, as it happens, I asked a famous London physician his opinion of these charges. His reply was prompt and devastating. So far

as youth is concerned he had observed a great improvement in morality this last twenty years, and so far as old age was concerned a considerable decline.

It is, of course, quite impossible to recapitulate the various instances with which he proved his point, with the frankness of a medical man who has no longer any illusions as to *homo sapiens*. But he left no doubt that in his opinion the young were reasonably circumspect; in these days, he said, it was the old who went off the rails. Perhaps one of our poets will write an ode to a blushing grandfather in the toils of love.

It seems rather strange that more than a hundred omnibuses should have to be withdrawn from the London streets on account of diminishing traffic. I had not noticed that more people were walking than usual; and as London continues to grow rapidly north, east, south and west, the normal tendency would seem to be for travelling to increase.

Possibly the wet summer has driven people underground. Lord Ashfield assures us in the advertisements that "it is warmer down below"—a statement which is, I believe, theologically orthodox—but so far the Cockney has shown some reluctance to go below before his time, and has preferred the omnibus to the tube. Now that it is demonstrably drier down below he seems to be in process of conversion.

The silly season this year seems to be even sillier than usual, and the prominence given by a section of the Press to a woman who passed off an adopted baby as her own is surely the culminating point. After having made her a heroine for a few days, the newspapers in question have now been compelled to record the fact that she is not only of doubtful reputation, but has several previous convictions against her. I trust that this will be a lesson to those who had advertised the lady to be more careful in future.

I am quite at a loss to understand the causes of the dispute which has arisen regarding the segregation of the sexes in trains. The demand for the provision of carriages for men only leaves me quite cold, and must, I feel, proceed from no higher feeling than an antiquated misogyny. I am no Don Juan, but the presence of a City magnate by my side on the journey home is sometimes less pleasing than that of his typist.

The only true line of demarcation is surely the present one—that between those who want to smoke and those who do not, with an odd compartment or two for old maids and their parrots. After all, if other distinctions are to be taken into consideration there is no knowing where we shall stop, and we might even see passengers divided according to their politics, their religion, or the colour of their hair, and special compartments allotted to them accordingly.

AFTER THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

WE do not find it easy to understand the panic into which several of our esteemed contemporaries have been thrown by the result of the German General Election, and we are certainly very far from sharing their apprehensions of the future. It is true that the National Socialist Party has gained ground to an extent that has probably surpassed the most sanguine expectations of Herr Hitler himself, but we see nothing alarming, at any rate so far as Great Britain is concerned, in this event. Eight years ago Fascism obtained control of another Great Power, and we imagine that even the most convinced of democrats will admit that from an international point of view it is better for Italy to be under the rule of Signor Mussolini than under that of his Communist opponents. Herr Hitler, indeed, is still a long way from being in the position of the *Duce* even on the eve of his march on Rome, let alone on the morrow of his final triumph, and so, for our part, we are prepared to wait on events before succumbing to the terror that has overtaken so large a section of the British Press. The form of government that has so powerfully contributed to the revival of Italy may well have an equally beneficial influence upon the lot of Germany, if its advocates can but follow up their success at the polls.

The plain fact is that the Parliamentary System in the Reich has been breaking down for several years past. As in Italy and Spain, to quote but two other examples, it has no deep roots in the country, and it has only worked while there were statesmen, like Herr Stresemann, to give it the dignity which it otherwise lacks in the eyes of the people. Once he was gone it lost caste, just as it did in the two Latin countries after the disappearance of such great Parliamentarians as Crispi and Cánovas, and the new Reichstag will clearly rather resemble a bear-garden than a legislative assembly. The Germans are a practical nation, and we do not wonder that they should question the utility of a system under which unemployment has increased by leaps and bounds, and the machinery of government has very nearly come to a dead halt. Only the venerable figure of Marshal von Hindenburg has seemed to stand out amid the crowd of mediocrities that have led a fleeting existence as ministers of the German Republic, and the electorate has declared plainly that it will not tolerate such a state of affairs any longer. Whether the politicians will take the hint, or whether there will be a Fascist march on Berlin, remains to be seen, but in any event a chapter in German history came to an end last Sunday night.

The position at the present time is curiously like that in Italy after the General Election of 1921, when the rising tide of Fascism first seriously alarmed the other parties. The Government, we are informed, intends to leave its fate to the Reichstag, but it is difficult to see where it is to find a majority. The Centre, like the *Partito Popolare* of Don Sturzo, will have to make up its mind whether to throw in its lot with the Social Democrats, and so incur the ire of the Fascists, or come to terms with the latter, and thus place them in office; while the Social Democrats them-

selves must choose between a working agreement with their *bourgeois* opponents, which would lose them many of their supporters to Communism, or a splendid isolation which would finally wreck the parliamentary machine and bring the dictatorship into existence in the very near future. In short, from whatever angle one regards the situation it seems clear that Herr Hitler has the game in his hands if he will but wait, and his position is made stronger by the fact that the Nationalists, like their Italian prototypes, are bound to act with the Fascists, and the same is the case with more than one of the minor parties. It is true, as a German correspondent points out elsewhere in this issue, that some wild statements were made during the election campaign, but Signor Mussolini himself (like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and many another great man) was by no means always a model of discretion in his early days, and power is as likely to be accompanied by a sense of responsibility in the one case as it was in the other.

It is too early yet to speculate upon the probable effects of the election upon international politics. The project of the formation of a United States of Europe is not, we imagine, likely to be advanced thereby, and for that the inhabitants of these islands owe a very considerable debt of gratitude to the German electorate. The question of a revision of the Peace Treaties, on the other hand, is obviously certain to be posed at an earlier date than seemed probable a week ago, and in this connexion an indication of the attitude of the Italian Government will be awaited with interest. Then, again, certain kindred organizations in other countries, such as the *Heimwehr* in Austria and the Awakening Magyars in Hungary, will gain confidence from the Fascist successes, and this in its turn will strengthen the movement in favour of an alteration in the Versailles Settlement. In effect, it would seem that a cold blast of reality is likely to be felt whistling down the corridors of the chancelleries ere long, and we frankly confess that we do not regret it. There is far more chance of establishing the peace of Europe upon sure foundations if the builders look facts in the face than if they ignore them.

Finally, there is one lesson to be learned from the German election that we most earnestly commend to all whom it may concern, and it is that the post-war generation is tired of the old parties and everything for which they stand. This feeling of disenchantment was the cause of Herr Hitler's triumph, as it was of those of Signor Mussolini, General Primo de Rivera, M. Poincaré, and General Carmona. It accounts, in our opinion, for the large poll of Mr. Redwood at Bromley and the support that Lord Beaverbrook is receiving in his campaign for Empire Free Trade. Everywhere there is a weakening of the old party loyalties and a rallying to the man or to the organization that will apply post-war remedies to post-war problems. The votes cast for Fascism in Germany but represent the latest development of this universal tendency. The ancient parties must move with the times, or they will find that they have been reduced to but a shadow of their former selves. Youth will be served, and we are grateful to the German people for reminding the rulers of the world, including those of our own country, of the fact.

THE REAL AFRICA—I

By JULIAN HUXLEY

IT is always exciting to realize the dreams of one's youth. A journey from Arusha southwards across central Tanganyika gave me my first taste of the Africa that thrilled my boyhood—the country of bush and big game, primitive tribes and thorn scrub and volcanic hills.

Arusha—I quote the placard in the admirable hotel—is the halfway station on the Cape to Cairo road; 2,450 miles from Cairo, 2,450 miles from the Cape. We set forth from Arusha's pretty parkland in the direction of Cairo. The road gets worse and worse; we average twelve miles an hour in our Chevrolet lorry. Soon we are in the thorn-bush savannah—scanty trees on great rolling downs of yellowing grass, strewn here and there with lava blocks. It is the beginning of the game country. There stand three ostriches—two cocks and a hen. We stop, and off they go at a smart trot, tail-plumes ludicrously erect, but the great naked thighs striding along with a wonderful impression of efficiency. When they stop, the watchful eyes, perched up on the erect periscope of the neck, peer at us over the thorn bushes. Then a herd of impala grazing in the distance, and agnu beyond them, a black speck in the brown landscape. Soon after, two impalas are silhouetted against the sky on a rise of the road; they see the car and with a marvellous bound leap into the bush. A little russet duiker, inquisitive and huge-eared, watches us pass. In a thorn-tree grove a herd of zebra stands resting, lazily flicking with their tails; fat, sleek, pleasant creatures, yet rather vulgar—donkeys in football jerseys, as the little boy said. Behind them are a pair of kongoni—strange, ugly antelopes with bent horns and a back sloping down from the withers. A jackal slinks off into the bush. Three lovely roan antelope, almost as big as cattle, but of aristocratic build, with their black-and-white faces and regular horns, allow us to walk within sixty yards.

And the birds—how exciting to a bird lover fresh from Europe! Rollers, azure and soft buff; glossy starlings bright with purple-blue sheen; weaver birds, as big as thrushes, a flash of black-and-white wings with brilliant patch of ochre on the rump; a flock of guineafowl, looking very much a part of Africa and not the ridiculous creatures one would expect from knowing them only in European poultry yards; big plovers, looking very like the brown sandy soil until they get up and fly off with flashing white on their wings.

The bush hornbills are comic birds; they flap up with quick beats of their wings, then tilt down as if their long beak overbalanced them, and so on *ad lib*. Doves are everywhere—large turtle-doves, smaller dark grey doves, plump, with black bands across their tails; tiny slender doves with long, pointed tails, twisting and turning as they rise, like living arrows. Shrikes abound, too, perched on the lookout for insects; their black-and-white conspicuousness argues immunity from enemies. One big one is amazingly like a magpie built on a two-thirds scale.

And all the birds of prey! The wild glory of them, so nearly lost from civilized countries like England, was summed up in the sight of a fine male eagle, which was tearing at some carcass by the roadside. The red-orange on his face and claws, the handsome pattern of his plumage, gave him a barbaric glory, and when at last he rose, his nearly tailless, broad-winged silhouette, floating effortlessly into the sky, made a mock of aeroplanes.

Nor was human interest lacking. First it was occasional groups of natives walking south, loaded with pots and pans, umbrellas, bundles of clothes. These were men who had come up from Southern Tanganyika

to work on European estates and were now returning—on foot, across several hundred miles of bush—to their families with the proceeds of their labour. The negro seems to love travelling, and combines profit with the Chaucerian longing to go on pilgrimage. There is a much greater movement of black people over the face of Africa than most people realize.

Then there was a white man to pass the time of day with, an official of the Public Works on the job of repairing the road, in camp with his wife and baby. The other day his wife sent the native boy running to say that a lioness was in the kitchen, so he came back and shot it: Africanissimo!

A lovely wooded mountain rises from the rift floor on our right. It is an old volcano, with one of those haunting names the Masai give—Essimigor. Leaving this behind, we see a big expanse of glistening white on our right bow—the broad sheet of salt rimming Lake Mangara, now three parts dried up. The lake lies under the Mbulu scarp, which here makes a western wall for the rift, while the eastern wall is represented only by a gentle terracing. Then suddenly we are out on a broad plain—the Mbugwe flats—and in every direction huts and cattle are seen. The whole area of a distinct tribe, the Wabugwe, is here in view at once. They are semi-pastoral people, but not nomadic, since they cultivate as well. The huts are very strange—long, low and rectangular, well made, with flat roofs on which food and gear are piled, and floor sunk a foot or two below the level of the ground; and their entrances all face in one direction, west by south—why?

Seeing the trailing herds—mixed herds, like those of Job, cattle, goats and donkeys—being driven across the plain, I felt suddenly that I realized more fully the life of the Hebrew patriarchs. What was Abraham but a whiter and more religious Masai? A good deal more, no doubt, but still these African pastoralists do help biblical realization.

I was told later by an anthropologist that the plains-living Wabugwe and the Wambulu on the scarp above have developed an interesting mutual relationship concerning twins. The Wabugwe believe, like most African tribes, that the birth of twins is exceedingly unlucky, and expose the unfortunate pairs of infants to die in the bush. The Wambulu, on the other hand, have no such prejudice, and as their birth rate is rather low, like adopting children. Somehow the custom has grown up that the Wabugwe expose twins at definite spots on the border of their neighbours' territory, and these come down, take the children and bring them up as their own. Thus everybody is happy, and the mixture of blood, which has been going on steadily in Africa since history began, is taken a little step further.

Out of this primitive scene we ran into a little village—strange contrast. It was full of untidy Indian shops plastered with signs—Texaco, B.P., Somebody's Biscuits—a government hut where a black clerk was receiving tax-money, groups of natives gossiping, some in nondescript European clothes, others in primeval skins. A negro sewing away at a sewing machine under his Indian employer's eye, another negro hacking away at the carcass of a buck.

The flocks on the plains may make you think of Abraham, but it is difficult to connect villages like this with Ur of the Chaldees! Yet, though on a lower level, there is a parallel; commerce and the settled life is here invading the nomadic and barbarian world.

On and on, in spite of bodies getting numb with jolting on the lorry's hard seats. A pair of great bustard: a flock of crested cranes. We are right under the wooded scarp; Hanang, handsome eleven-thousand foot volcano, lies ahead. The road gets more wooded. Just before sunset we are stopped by a couple of half-naked natives armed with miniature butterfly nets. These are the tsetse-fly control. They catch the numerous flies (devils to bite!) in the car, and one of them enters something in a penny notebook. Tsetses always make

for moving objects—an adaptation to their dependence on the blood of antelopes and other game; they thus collect in cars, and are often transported from infested to uninfested areas by motorists—another example of the unexpected effect of civilization. These fly patrols are an attempt of the Tsetse Department to prevent this; unfortunately, I was told, white motorists often refuse to stop at the request of the native "fly-boys." The white man in the tropics too often looks down on the ignorance and foolish habits of the black. But what of the deliberate flouting of Government regulations by white men who ought to know better?

Dusk is falling: we do not know the exact road: the local sultan is away: no one knows the way to Kikori: it is all very African. By great good fortune we find a white man—a German settler on his way to his coffee estate fifteen hundred feet up on the escarpment. He gives us a boy to act as guide (who, to-morrow, will cheerfully walk back the twenty-five or thirty miles) and off we go into the dark. Green eyes of hares and plover shine at us; nightjars get up from the convenient flat resting-places provided by the road; twice we pass close to where natives on the slopes of Ufumi Mountain are burning bush, and the orange flames are lovely in the blue-black night. It is a weary way over a bad road. At last, after ten hours driving at an average of 11 m.p.h., we see a light—Kikori, the entomological station for research on tsetse fly.

I knock at a door. A voice says "Come in." There on a bed, pale and big-eyed from dysentery, is a young man. He is Nash, one of the research workers. Three years ago I shared lodgings with him when we were both working at the Plymouth Laboratory: and I had no idea he was here. Tents are ready for us; and we are ready for bed.

CAN WAR BE WAGED POLITELY?

By LT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

WHEN negotiations for disarmament reach expected difficulties or when the peoples doubt the efficacy of covenants, pacts and other means of establishing permanent peace, a certain school of thought always turns its attention to humanizing war. These dangerous persons accept with resignation the probability of future war, but propose to draft rules for its polite conduct. They have a romantic conception of ordeal by battle and long for the old cut-and-thrust, hand-to-hand fighting, with dashing cavalry charges, thin red lines and waving banners.

New inventions for killing, especially if they can be used on the civilian population, are anathema to these enthusiasts. They think modern war can still be waged by armies of professional soldiers in the old-fashioned way and that the rest of the population can get on with business as usual. The theory is old. The condottieri, the landsknecht, the Swiss and other mercenaries of the Middle Ages were not supposed to interfere with the burghers and peasants during their campaigns.

In the ancient Hindu system of Society a particular caste, the Rajputs, were the fighting men whose duty it was to keep war and its horrors away from the general population; and they received the proceeds of a special tax for the purpose. The Japanese Samurai were supposed to perform a similar function. Under the feudal system in Europe special rules of chivalry were drawn up and, on the whole, strictly observed in order that men of gentle blood who adopted the profession of arms should not suffer unduly when on the losing side.

There is an idea abroad to-day that aviators should become Knights of the Air and engage in combats during which they will keep clear of large towns in case the falling fragments, human or material, should inconvenience the peace-loving and hard-working ground population.

The ancient chivalry broke down when warfare became democratized with the invention of gunpowder. The highly specialized fighting man, the knight in armour, found his order threatened by the hastily trained musketeer, and resented it bitterly. "Villainous saltpetre" was disgusting to the armoured knights of the day just as the submarine is to old-fashioned admirals in their armoured Dreadnought battleship or the chemist's products of war-gas to the military brass-hats.

The fiercest obstructionists of tanks and mechanized warfare were the great cavalry leaders of the day. The vision of bespectacled young men in white overalls producing terrible new weapons in their laboratories is particularly objectionable to a military hierarchy trained on the tented field or the barrack square. The great Bayard, the leader of the chivalry of his age, treated prisoners with great kindness except the captured musketeers who were put to death in the most painful way possible. During the last great war Mr. Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, proposed to treat the captured crews of German submarines more harshly than other war prisoners, until threatened with reprisals on British captives held by the Germans. Since the Industrial Revolution put the inventions of the chemist, the engineer, the metallurgist, at the disposal of warring governments new attempts have been made to draw up rules for polite warfare. One of the most absurd examples was the proceedings of the Hague Conference a few years before the last Great War broke out. Submarine mines had proved a menace to the great battleship in the Russo-Japanese War; so an attempt was made to forbid their use outside territorial waters or in places where merchant ships might explode them! We know how these rules were kept when war actually came. Similarly, an attempt was made at the same Conference to humanize naval blockade. Solemn rules were drawn up by the international jurists, under which cargoes of foodstuffs and other comforts destined for fortified towns or the armed forces of the enemy could be intercepted; but if shown to be for the innocent civilian population they were to be immune from capture. These conventions were actually signed; and when war broke out it took us several weeks to rid ourselves of them.

The curious thing is that the professional soldiers and sailors are usually ready to join with the Pacifist politicians in drawing up these rules. Their idea, apparently, is to preserve the romantic notion of warfare, to make the civilians believe that, if it comes, it won't hurt them particularly, and to induce the various Parliaments to pass Armaments Estimates.

The 1913 Congress on International Law at Frankfurt proposed inhibitions on the use of aircraft, the existence of which was beginning to be noticed. They were only to bomb fortified towns. Similar attempts were made at the International Law Congress at Monaco in 1921. At the Washington Conference on Naval Armaments in 1922 special efforts were made to draw up gentlemanly rules for the use of submarines against merchant ships and of asphyxiating and poisonous gases. The French refused to ratify this Convention, principally on the ground that the submarine was a legitimate and cheap weapon of war and its use should not be hampered. The League of Nations has had more apparent success and quite a number of Powers have ratified the Convention forbidding gas or bacteriological warfare. Nevertheless, all the principal Powers in the world maintain poison-gas factories and carry out continuous and elaborate experiments in chemical warfare. The universal excuse, when

challenged in the various Parliaments, Chambers, or Diets, is that these activities are solely directed to discovering protective means for when "the other chap" breaks the rules. But, the more enthusiastic of the war chemists declare openly that gas is more humane than bullets or shells and advocate its increasing use on this account.

By the London Naval Treaty, the most recent of these attempts, submarines are allowed to sink merchant ships on the trade routes provided, in the judgment of the submarine commander, the crew are near enough to land to reach it in their open boats and provided the ship's papers are preserved. A friend of mine, a sea captain, who experienced some of the barbarities of the submarine campaign in the last war, declares that he will always have the ship's papers tattooed on his back so that he will be certain of safety whoever else is drowned!

Submarines could be abolished by international agreement, for they are in a class by themselves. But they are cheap, handy weapons, like the infantryman's musket, and until the leading Naval Powers are prepared to abandon the £7,000,000 Dreadnought battleship this reform is improbable.

Every experienced soldier and sailor knows that certain laws of war are observed, and for two reasons only. Either a would-be law-breaker is afraid of offending powerful neutrals or else the fighting men themselves insist on certain inhibitions. The old prize law in maritime warfare was kept fairly strictly because it didn't pay to break it. We had to fight the United States of America because we did so on one occasion and we aroused an "armed neutrality" against us in Europe on another. It has been said that the man who sank the *Lusitania* won the war, because his action brought America into the war against Germany. As to the second reason, the killing of prisoners or the poisoning of wells is seldom resorted to because the fighting men in their own interests forbid it and undertake reprisals.

Looting and interference with the women is prohibited in all well-ordered armies in the interests of discipline. Therefore, if another war does come, we may as well face up to the certainty that every resource of the chemist, the bacteriologist, the aeronautical engineer and the naval architect will be used to the uttermost. If it pays to break the enemy's home front by making it hotter for his civilian population than it can stand, this will certainly be done.

All attempts to draw up rules for polite combat only obscure war's inherent cruelty and uselessness in the modern world.

THE GERMAN FASCIST VICTORY

[FROM A GERMAN CORRESPONDENT]

THE result of the German Reichstag's elections of last Sunday was hardly surprising to one who knew the development preceding the dissolution of the former Reichstag. It was to be expected that the Fascists would gain big successes, although nobody, not even the victors themselves, had anticipated such a triumph. The growth of the Hitler Party from 12 to 107 seats, from ninth to second place, forms the most remarkable feature of the poll.

How is this extraordinary rise to be explained? Simply enough, if one realizes the reckless and unconscientious demagoguery that had been adopted by Hitler and his fellow leaders. People are always inclined to listen to sweeping speeches and heroic gestures rather than follow a sober explanation of political realities and moderate party programmes. The opinions of the majority of electors are not formed by logical thought, but influenced by emotional feelings.

Realizing these psychological facts as well as the steadily worsening situation of the lower middle class and employees, the Fascists worked out a highly efficient plan of activity. "Work, bread and freedom for all," "Tear the chains of the Peace Treaties," "Refuse to pay tributes to the enemy," such were the slogans used on their posters and in their mass meetings. They made the highest promises, and raged against the inefficiency of parliament. The foreign policy of the German post-war ministers had enslaved that country—according to the National Socialist doctrine at least. They upheld the need of a strong army and navy, and behaved extremely militaristically by means of uniforms and demonstration marches with brass bands and colours. All those things never fail to make a strong impression on the mass of the German population.

But if anybody had asked the leader of the National Socialist Labour Party how he thinks to realize his marvellous ideas of work, bread and freedom for all, of the establishment of his anti-Marxist socialism, of the relief of unemployment, of stopping the payment of reparation, of regaining the former German territories, such as the Polish Corridor or the Saargebiet, he would not have received an answer. "Where there is a will there is a way" used to be the keynote of every reply, but not one actual proposal was made. Yet, there remained the heroic gesture, sufficiently enticing for a mass of impoverished people.

Naturally, the Fascist activities were particularly intensified through the fact that they received vast amounts of money from various sources. There was among others especially Herr Hugenberg, the leader of the German Nationalists, who worked in closest connexion with Hitler and gave him great financial support.

The Social Democrats still remain the largest party with 143 seats, although losing nine. Obviously, the losses of this party would have been much heavier if they had not possessed such an excellently organized and disciplined following. It has been proved that their popularity is becoming weaker. This is not surprising, if one realizes how bitterly disappointed the Social Democratic electors had been during the last Reichstag's session when this party voted for the building of new men-of-war, although this was entirely against their avowed programme. It is certainly not possible to call them a genuine workers' party any longer, as a great many of their present supporters belong to the lower middle class. The middle-class votes, coming among others from the former democrats, compensated for the workers who now definitely changed over to the Communist Party.

The Communists are the only group, except the Fascists, that have improved their strength considerably. Having now seventy-six seats against fifty-four in the last Reichstag, they have become the third party in Germany and the first in Berlin. Naturally their new supporters come from the Social Democrats whose policy during the last ten years has been one chain of disappointments for the worker with Marxian ideas. It is not very probable that their success is due to increased voting—about 85 per cent. of all the electors went to the poll instead of about 70 per cent. last time—as the Communist programme was certainly not as attractive for that kind of people, consisting mainly of the impoverished lower middle class, as the National Socialist slogans.

In a coming struggle over the possible establishment of a dictatorship in Germany the Communist Party will undoubtedly be the most decided and trustworthy opponent of any Fascist activities. The attitude of the Social Democrats, however, is not at all sure. Experience shows that they have abandoned their principles often enough.

The Catholic Centre Party has also been able slightly to increase the number of its seats. The explanation is that they, by means of strong clerical propaganda, have brought a good many people to the poll who used

to belong to the so-called party of the "non-voters." To-day this party holds the fourth place in the Reichstag.

All the other middle parties suffered more or less heavy losses. It was clear enough from the outset that the States Party was not really a new party, but only the old Democratic Party with a new name and a handful of people whose position in the People's Party had become impossible. Instead of winning scores of bourgeois electors as was hoped, they could not even hold their few Democratic seats of the last Reichstag.

Even more striking is the fiasco of the People's Party to which Stresemann used to belong. Being very moderate and rather conservative, they had no slogan whatsoever to inspire the masses. The result was that they lost sixteen seats and now hold no more than twenty-nine. Their importance, therefore, has extraordinarily diminished.

Hugenberg also, the leader of the German Nationalists, has come down from seventy-nine to forty-one seats. It used to be second and is now in the fifth place. However, it would be a mistake to assume that this has happened because some months ago Herr Treviranus and his friends left Hugenberg's ranks in order to establish their new "Conservative People's Party." This group has proved a complete failure, evidently because its programme differed hardly at all from that of Hugenberg's German Nationalists, and there was therefore no reason to change over. Nevertheless, the influence of this group should not be underrated, as they are closely connected with Herr Hindenburg, who is now playing an important part in German politics.

The only possible explanation of Hugenberg's disaster is the fact that many of his former supporters, being of course nationalists, have found their way to Hitler, with whom even Hugenberg cannot compete. After all, I should not think that Herr Hugenberg is mourning over the result. He has been the intimate collaborator and one of the chief financial supporters of Hitler. His influence is sufficiently secured.

There remains the question of how any effective parliament will be possible, when over a third of the Reichstag is strongly opposed to the principle of Democracy? Is the feared Nationalist dictatorship now going to become a fact? And what would this mean for the interior and foreign policy of the Reich?

First of all, one should not forget that the great Fascist success was only made possible through the effective help of interested groups of capitalists. As far as I can see, the strict opponents of parliamentarism already seem prepared to join a governing coalition with the German Nationalists, the other smaller groups on the right and perhaps even with the People's Party. Naturally, they want to obtain sufficient influence on the German army and interior affairs.

Whether they actually use their new power to overthrow the present system depends upon developments during the next few months. Either the hidden leaders think to attain their private aim by using the Fascists as a parliamentary instrument—in this case the National Socialists will take up the parliamentary responsibility. If this does not work, the establishment of a dictatorship in Germany will only be a question of time.

The result shows that now the real battle is between two parties. On the one side are the Fascists supported by certain capitalistic interests and the more or less pronounced sympathy of all bourgeois parties: and on the other, the Communists definitely gaining increased influence over the workers. The class struggle in Germany, therefore, is now being intensified.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

THE "PRODUCTIONIST'S" PARADISE

IMAGINE that you were a producer of plays—or rather, that you had become one. Imagine further that you had been given the job by the owner of the theatre because you were in passionate agreement with him about something or other, some theory of life or the universe. You were both convinced, let us say, that the earth was flat. Flat, not round. It was a matter of terrible importance to you both to realize that the earth was flat. You longed to persuade the world that the earth was flat. You felt it was your mission in life to convince everybody, particularly the people who came to your theatre, that they laboured under a grievous misapprehension. They believed, poor souls, that the earth was round. You—and your employer—knew it was flat.

It seemed to you, therefore, that the theatre in which you were about to produce plays might be made to serve the highest good of humanity. It was essential, you felt, that this theatre should propagate the gospel of the flatness of the earth. It was your duty from now onwards to convert all unbelievers and fortify the faithful. You began, in consequence, to make your arrangements. First of all you issued a manifesto. You called it 'The Manifesto of the Theatre of the Flat Earth'; and you set out in it, in glowing phrases, your plans for the redemption of mankind by means of a "flat-earthed, flat-dramatic, flat-theatrical" theatre. You next turned your attention to the stage, the actors, the electricians, the scene-painters, the carpenter's shop and so on. You gave instructions that everything was to be done with a view to propagating the new gospel. As a prelude to your campaign of enlightenment, you decided to banish from the stage everything that savoured of roundness, everything circular or spherical, or even cylindrical. In the interests of symbolism, you declared that painted scenes and flats were invariably to be rectangular, never in any way circular. You further squared the circle by insisting that all stage properties and furniture should present straight lines to the audience; curves of any kind were strictly forbidden. The legs of chairs, for instance, were to be straight, not curved; even the legs of the actresses were to be encased in rhomboid-shaped covers.

You were thus prepared to begin work in your Theatre of the Flat Earth. One little difficulty remained. The theatre was ready, the stage was ready, the producer was ready; but the playwright, where was he? Where were the plays which would demonstrate the flatness of the earth? As producer, you were thus confronted by an unexpected obstacle; it is, after all, difficult to be a producer if there is no play to produce. There were, it is true, all sorts of plays from which to choose, but the incredible and exasperating thing was that every playwright seemed to take it for granted that the earth was round. Some of them positively said so in their plays; "the good, round old earth," they called it. How ridiculous! How subversive! Also how trying! You could not go very far with your propagandist flat-earthed theatre if you had to produce that sort of thing.

What was to be done? You consulted, we will suppose, the owner of the theatre. Eventually you agreed with him that the best thing in the circumstances was to persuade your friends to write propagandist flat-earthed plays, or, at least, plays with a flat-earthed tendency. Well, your friends obliged you in the matter and presented their plays. . . . Heavens, how bad they were! How impossible! How unworthy of the producer's art!

Things looked black. It was impossible to preach the gospel in the theatre merely by issuing manifestos.

But it is the darkest hour which precedes the dawn. The idea, no doubt, came to you in a flash of inspiration. Why not "adapt" the dramatic masterpieces of the world to the requirements of the Theatre of the Flat Earth? Why not re-write them? Why not give them a little propagandist colouring here and there? Why not substitute "good, flat old earth" for "good, round old earth"? Why not—but it is time to call a halt.

Does this little fable seem altogether too fantastic? It is less remote from actuality than may appear, providing as it does a sober analogy to one phase of the history of the Russian theatre since the Revolution of 1917. The theatre in Soviet Russia is dedicated to revolutionary propaganda, and the plays that are performed in it preach the gospel of scientific materialism. In default of original plays of revolutionary merit, the Theatre of the Revolution decided to "adapt" recognized masterpieces. It was an ingenious and glorious game; the "adaptations" of the classic drama of Griboyedov and Ostrovsky, of Molière and Schiller, were magnificent bits of butchery, though when Meierhold ventured to lay sacrilegious hands on 'The Government Inspector,' still the most popular piece in the Russian theatre, there were wild outcries of "Counter-Revolution." The producer was still supreme, however; the playwright was still nowhere; and the curtain still went up on a veritable scene of carnage. But we forget—they have abolished the curtain in the Russian theatre.

The contemporary theatre in Russia gives the producer, within the limits of a materialist conception of art, unrestricted freedom to work his will. It is, in fact, a "productionist's" Paradise—a temple of stagecraft, not of the craft of drama. Our own enthusiasts of productionist theories should ponder the moral, which is this: There is only one thing worse than a theatre obsessed by a theory, and that follows naturally from it. It is a theatre without a playwright.

R. D. C.

THE BRIDE'S GARTER

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

IHAD sat in the Paris Cathedral of Notre-Dame one of thousands of persons who witnessed the fashionable wedding under the high arches; and there were Suisses with their halberds; and bride and pages were in Moyenage silver cloth; and scores of tall candles blazed on the shining altar; and the Bishop in gorgeous garments made the genuflections of the Mass; and the organ rolled out its mighty music. And afterwards we thronged the reception hall of a sumptuous official residence, and admired an endless array of costly presents, and struggled for food at the buffet, and exchanged banalities on the lawn.

The contrast with my village wedding was curious. In the centre of the glow and glitter were two simple human beings, thinking only of their affection for each other, and scarcely interested in the grandeur with which their affection was enveloped. Their human hearts beating in unison gained nothing and lost nothing by the ceremony with which their marriage was surrounded.

In the village, as in the city, the essential thing was the union of two human hearts. The little church may have contained three or four dozen persons. The altar was covered with a patched cloth, was unornamented, was lit by a few candles; the village priest in his chasuble performed the ritual somewhat wearily; the only musical accompaniment to the service came from a tuneless harmonium played by an old woman in rusty black; the clothes of the bridal pair were obviously cheap; yet though these

surroundings were vastly different from the surroundings of the wedding in Notre-Dame, the emotions of the central figures were of the same nature and intensity. There was unchanging simplicity unaffected by embellishment—the simplicity of two young persons facing the tremendous mystery of life together with joy and awe, with hope yet with dread entering upon eternal adventure.

Nor were the emotions of the onlookers dissimilar in village and in city—except that in the village they were nearer to nature, and the good wishes were heartier, and the sympathy with the human couple more sincere.

The men of the village had prepared the noisiest salute. When the bridal pair emerged from the church there was the ear-shattering sound of carbines. Throughout the year, on the village green, the men, who belong for the most part to the Carbine Club, practise on appointed afternoons, shooting at targets; and now a selected band of them came with their firearms and blank cartridges, and took up their stations by the church door. They fired their volley as the bells pealed out, and the air was stunned. The bride, though she had heard this compliment paid to others, was taken by surprise. She had been lost in her dream, and was awakened by the salute; and with a little scream she clung to the bridegroom as for protection. How we laughed! But our laughter was good-natured, and bride and bridegroom laughed with us. A second salute was still more deafening, and another and another echoed between the hills. When the last of the shots had been fired, we formed in joyous procession.

Leading the way were bride and bridegroom—the girl with orange blossoms still on her brow. Behind them were bridesmaids and best men; and then the proud fathers and mothers, and aunts and uncles, and brothers and sisters, and cousins and friends, and the rest of us, carbines and all. For the ceremony antiquated tall hats had been brought out, and old-fashioned redingotes, some of which had not been worn for twenty years, had been brushed to look like new.

There was singing and there was shouting, and there was, now and again, an extra salute of the carbines, as we wended our way along the country lane. We came presently to a country café, and there was the first halt for refreshments. The procession marched a mile or so to another country café, and once more halted for refreshments. The promenade continued, for a wedding party must show itself to the whole countryside, and there were numerous halts for refreshments. Finally, with many detours, we reached the house of the parents of the bride.

Those of us who had been invited—about forty of us—entered. We were an immense company for the country cottage, but no pains had been spared to provide an extraordinary repast for us. The tall hats were ranged on a bed over which had been spread the best counterpane; and the men, stifled in their redingotes, asked and were accorded permission to remove these heavy garments, and at last were at ease in shirt-sleeves. In a second bedroom, the women of the party crowded to take off their cloaks and bonnets. From the kitchen came appetizing odours. Bottles and borrowed glasses circulated freely.

On either side of the door had been planted pine saplings cut in the wood on the hillside, and around these saplings were twined a variety of white flowers and ribbons tied in bows. No marriage in the Normandy countryside would be complete without such a floral arch.

The meal was to be eaten in a huge barn. The carts and the hay and the beets had been stowed in neighbours' houses and a considerable space cleared on the earthen floor. An effort had been

made to decorate the barn with branches of trees, and with flowers. Trestles and boards were arranged to provide a long table. On the walls white sheets were hung on which garlands were pinned. It was a confused business to seat ourselves in proper order. The bride and bridegroom were in the middle on one side of the improvised table. The father of the bride had the mother of the bridegroom by his side, and the father of the bridegroom the mother of the bride. Much thought had been given to placing the guests in accordance with their status. After the confusion there was a momentary constraint. Everybody was conscious of the dignity of the event. But soon the artificial decorum melted in the warmth of the general happiness, and conversation flowed as freely as the cider, and the old jokes that have done duty for generations, but are as fresh as ever, were shouted across the table.

In the adjoining village is a good woman who has a reputation as a cook and as an organiser of wedding luncheons and dinners. She had come down the hillside with her crockery and her kitchen utensils, and she had brought with her two buxom serving-girls. The food was supplied by the two families. They had slaughtered rabbits and ducks and chicken and a monster turkey. They had plucked salads and peas and they had drawn on the stock of potatoes. Some of the guests had sent wine, and particularly champagne. With my inveterate curiosity about prices, I ascertained the cost of this gargantuan feast, and I was astounded at the calculation of ten francs a head. Such an estimate for a meal which, in a common Paris restaurant, would have been ten times as much, could only be arrived at by placing a nominal value on the home-raised rabbits, chicken, ducks, and turkey, and in scarcely counting the home-made cider and the vegetables which came out of the household stores. There was little more than the fee of the cook and the serving-girls and the bread and the butcher's meat—a big leg of mutton—and the fish which had been bought in the near-by town. But even so, the price seemed incredible, for we ate eight or nine courses in the afternoon, and in the evening we began again, and there were still plenty of comestibles left over for the midday meal of the morrow.

Eating and drinking are the principal features of a country wedding. For twenty-four hours we seemed to have no other concern than to eat and drink as much as possible. To be sure, there were intervals in which we made other tours of the village, and in which we even visited a dancing-hall attached to a café where a mechanical piano worked overtime. Yet the walking and the dancing were half-hearted affairs. They were obligatory, yet none but the youngest really cared to walk and to dance after that first gigantic repast.

When we were really mellow the fun began. It began with the time-honoured joke of unfastening the bride's garter. The bride, in accordance with the etiquette of the countryside, had placed above her knee a garter which could be easily unfastened, and therefore could not be supposed to be ignorant of the custom. Nevertheless, when, at a secret signal, a little boy, who had been carefully instructed, crawled under the table, and reached the leg of the bride, and snatched her garter, and came out from under the table, triumphant, holding the garter up for our admiring inspection, the bride was startled and screamed and fell into the arms of the bridegroom, and blushed and was in an indescribable state of commotion, as though she had never heard of the custom or anticipated that it would be practised at her expense. The joke, I say, has been perpetrated for many generations, and it is crude enough, but it never stales, it never fails to produce its expected effect. If the bride is thrown into confusion, the wedding guests are thrown into a hilarious condition.

The barn rocked with our merriment, and for half an hour we spoke of nothing but the unsurpassable humour of snatching the bride's garter.

Indeed, to commemorate this unparalleled joke, this unbelievable joke, this joke beyond all jokes, this joke *par excellence*, this joke which stands on the summit of human jocularity, we were each presented with a miniature garter of the bride—a dainty contraption of ribbons and wax orange blossoms and tiny bells. Pinned to the wall of my study, which looks across the river to the hills, is now the miniature bride's garter.

And then we sang. One by one we rose to our feet to sing our song. Not to have a song which one can sing on these occasions is accounted unsocial. So each of us had come prepared to sing his song. Most of the songs were ribald. They dealt with the humours and joys of married life in the frankest language. They spared nothing. They would come under the ban of Watch Committees and Vigilance Societies and Postal Authorities in Anglo-Saxon countries. They are rich and ripe and juicy; they were not songs of innocence but songs of experience. But nobody at the wedding feast would have dreamt of complaining, or of considering the singers of the songs as low-minded or evil-speaking folk. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* If one cannot joke about the functions of marriage at a marriage-feast, where can one joke about them? They are good, clean, honest folk, these Normans, decent in their behaviour, serious and sober in their habits, but they at the end of the wedding-feast feel themselves entitled to relish the humours as well as the joys of the eternal serio-comic drama of human relations.

We went home along the starlit lanes in the midst of the night, still singing our songs; and yet, with the dawn, we were awake, and roused the embarrassed bridal pair with our shouts. And in each buttonhole, and on each corsage, as we thundered on the door of the nuptial chamber, was a tiny replica of the snatched bride's garter.

WORKING TRIALS FOR DOGS

BY JAMES DICKIE

OF late years working trials for dogs have become more and more popular. This is an excellent tendency, the main difficulty being to make the trials practical.

In the case of terriers, for instance, where "game-ness" is of paramount importance, it is difficult to devise any effective test which does not involve cruelty to the dog or to a badger or some other wild animal or to both.

Fearlessness in the show ring, among strange and, in some cases, hostile dogs proves nothing, for it is characteristic of the cur, both human and canine, to be truculent as long as he knows his bluff cannot be called, and even the most stupid dog knows that he is safe if his aggressor is on a lead.

It is, of course, possible for terriers of the smaller breeds to earn certificates from Masters of Foxhounds to the effect that they will tackle foxes underground: there is, however, a strong and growing feeling that when the fox has beaten either hounds and huntsmen or the earth stopper, he has earned his freedom: to obtain facilities for testing any considerable proportion of existing terriers in this way is, therefore, becoming more and more difficult.

It is a pity that tests of gameness, obedience and intelligence, comparable to police dog trials, cannot be devised for terriers—not only for the true earth dogs but for the larger breeds, such as Airedales. A

few dozen rats and a gorse or bramble thicket might provide a solution, owners whose dogs were not used to rats being permitted to use any other means, such as throwing a ball, to induce their dogs to face the thorns. Water tests could also be introduced.

The question of obedience could be settled by prohibiting the use of leads as in retriever trials: a dog which will remain at heel on seeing the first rat and plunge into brambles after a second, when permitted to do so, is the kind we all want.

Meanwhile we have sheep dog trials, at which dogs of the show collie type are conspicuous by their absence and where almost incredible feats are commonly performed, gundog trials of all kinds, Alsatian trials and bloodhound trials.

Admittedly the best dog does not always win—for instance, a dog lacking in the necessary stamina to work all day and given to "running-in" when birds are killed, may win a setter trial (where normally no birds are shot, and where the time allotted to each test is necessarily limited), but a trial-winning setter must be fast, obedient and the possessor of an excellent nose: the same applies to other gundogs.

To some extent the public are beginning to realize this fact and to demand field trial blood as well as show blood in the pedigrees of the puppies they buy: this is all to the good, but it must be remembered that a puppy may "throw back" to a useless great-great-grandparent and that many of the most useless dogs are inbred and exceptionally prepotent in consequence.

Certain big show winners are or were notoriously untrainable; if, therefore, in the pedigree of a puppy appears a dog who earned many challenge certificates but who is not a "champion," beware, for there is an excellent Kennel Club ruling that no gundog may become a champion without a working certificate, and it is safe to assume that no trainable dog will fail to earn the working certificate which would give him the coveted title of "champion."

The pity is that no similar means exists whereby one can estimate the probable intelligence of puppies of non-sporting breeds which are normally kept as companions.

Obedience and intelligence trials in some form are possible in the case of every breed, and such trials ought to be held in order to counteract the influence of shows, which encourage the breeding of dogs solely for appearance and without regard to the retention or improvement of those qualities on account of which our various breeds were valued by our ancestors and are still valued to-day by those of us who are not obsessed by the desire to possess "champions" or their progeny.

Why cannot a group of doggy people co-operate and breed for brains? Compare the head of a working sheepdog with that of a show collie: in proportion to its size the working dog has far the bigger brain. If the brain pan can be reduced to a great extent in a few generations by selective breeding, cannot it also be increased?

Selection and careful inbreeding to the most intelligent dogs and bitches would produce amazing results in a few generations. Already one German scientist is working on these lines: why should he work alone?

MODERN LIFE

THE child Victorian
Was something of a historian,
A fact which would vex
The modern child, who is chiefly
interested in sex.

ROY BISHOP

THE THEATRE 'STREET SCENE'

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Street Scene. By Elmer Rice. Globe Theatre.
Charlot's Masquerade. A Revue. Cambridge Theatre.

THERE are many intelligent people who go so seldom to the theatre that they can almost be said to have "given up playgoing." They are most of them middle-aged people, for whom the unsophisticated entertainment of our normal English drama has become so stale as to seem inadequate compensation for the inconveniences and expense involved in theatre-going. But every now and again they hear of some play which seems to promise an exceptionally interesting evening—"The Apple Cart" and "Journey's End" were recent examples—and then they willingly dine early and hurriedly, and forgo their port and their cigars, in order to occupy an excellent seat in the stalls, reserved beforehand through one or other of the West End ticket agencies. To these reluctant playgoers I recommend the new play at the Globe, called "Street Scene."

Whether it will prove a "popular success" is another matter altogether; but I personally should have not the slightest hesitation in recommending it to those who look to the theatre for entertainment, rather than intelligence, originality or art. For Mr. Elmer Rice had been writing plays for fifteen years when he won the American Pulitzer Prize in 1929 with "Street Scene." He began with an extremely successful melodrama called "On Trial"; this was in 1914, when Mr. Rice was only twenty-two years old. Other plays of the same sort followed, but in 1923 he broke new ground with "The Adding Machine," which the Stage Society produced in London. This was an odd play indeed for a well-known melodramatist to write, a highbrow Expressionist play dealing with a character called "Mr. Zero," who represented the typical "white-collar slave"—a clever, interesting experiment in play-writing, which stood not the slightest chance of commercial success in England. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Elmer Rice is that all-too-rare figure in dramatic literature, the experimentalist who is also a skilled craftsman. The result is "Street Scene," which, being neither wantonly highbrow nor smugly commercial, neither insults the intelligence nor defrauds the man who has paid his money to see good "theatre."

How far "Street Scene" is a faithful picture of life as lived in a typical "apartment house in a mean quarter of New York," only those familiar with that life can answer. All I can say is, that throughout the play I believed what Mr. Rice was telling me. Never for a single moment (apart, perhaps, from a final scene between Rose and Sam) did I doubt that people just like these might be found by the thousand living in just such an apartment house. We saw them only at their windows, dawdling on the front-door steps, or passing down the street; for Mr. Rice has had the cunning to choose a heat wave in June for the date of his story, and this has enabled him to keep his characters before us throughout the play, without our ever actually entering the house. A cosmopolitan society they are: a family of rationalist Hebrews, an Italian music teacher and his German wife, a Swedish porter and some hundred-per-cent. Americans. Kaplan, the Jew, is intellectually superior, and despises his neighbours. Filippo is fat and friendly with all the world—so long as they do not dispute the superiority of Italian music or that Columbus discovered America. There is Mrs. Jones, the scandal-monger and her extremely "tough" son Vincent, whom Mr. Rice describes as "a typical New York taxi-driver."

But all these, and the other tenants, are merely an environment in which we watch the drama of the Marrant family moving slowly but surely to its tragic end. There is Frank Marrant, the Spartan father and stern husband, and his wife and daughter, helpless but resentful in submission to his out-of-date principles; and the neighbours are waiting, in mingled fear and pleasurable excitement, to see what will happen when he discovers, as eventually he must, that his wife is "carrying-on" with the young milkman, Sankey. Well, there is no great originality in the facts of the tragedy. Marrant returns unexpectedly, and catches them—presumably *flagrante delicto*; he has been feeding his smouldering jealousy on prohibition spirits; and the inevitable result is a double murder and Marrant in the hands of the "cops."

An ordinary "lowbrow" dramatist would have been content to give us the personal drama without the environment; and the ordinary "highbrow" playwright would have given us the environment without the personal drama. Mr. Rice has had the sense—and skill—to give us both. Moreover, he has done his work so cunningly as not merely to give us just exactly the right proportion of each, but to make the personal drama not an artificially inserted incident, but a natural part-and-parcel of the whole. In brief, a play to be seen by everybody and anybody—original, artistic, intensely interesting throughout, and at the same time a genuinely exciting and amusing play. And on the whole exceptionally well acted, more particularly by Mr. David Landau as Marrant, Mr. Stanley Vilven as Filippo, Mr. Abraham Sofaer as Kaplan, Mr. Charles Farrell as Vincent Jones and Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore as Marrant's daughter. The English actors in the cast were naturally at a tremendous disadvantage in this essentially American play; indeed, they might easily have ruined it; and it is as much to their credit as to Mr. Rice's that the play lost so little by being manifestly misinterpreted in certain instances.

"Street Scene" is published in a volume called "Six Plays" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). This is wonderful value for money, seeing that the other five plays are that must discussed negro-religion play, "The Green Pastures"; a new play by Miss Susan Glaspell called "Alison's House"; and three plays recently produced in London: "Socrates," by Clifford Bax; Mr. Sherriff's "Badger's Green," and a play which might almost (but not quite) be called the English "Street Scene," Mr. George's "Down Our Street."

No revue can hope to please all of the audience all of the time; if it pleases all of the audience most of the time it may be said to be an excellent example of its kind. And that is certainly true of the new "Masquerade" at the new Cambridge Theatre. It contains no fewer than five extremely clever and amusing sketches, three of them by Mr. Ronald Jeans, and the other two imported from America. It contains a number of catchy tunes—and how long it seems since a musical entertainment contained even one!—and some admirable dancing by Mr. Anton Dolin; a full-coloured ballet, based on a story by Poe, with music by Mr. Cyril Scott, which would be twice as good if it were only half as long; and a number of opportunities for Miss Beatrice Lillie to reveal her unique personality—though she seems curiously reluctant to make the most of them. The weakness of the entertainment lies chiefly in the company surrounding her. Apart from Mr. Henry Kendall (who is thoroughly at home in this revue), Mr. J. H. Roberts (who saves a horribly sentimental sketch from being utterly ridiculous by a very delicate piece of acting), and a really promising newcomer, Miss Betty Frankiss (who at present has only one opportunity to shine), the company lacks personality. Still, the evening as a whole is one of very great enjoyment, and I recommend it highly to anyone who wants a continuously entertaining after-dinner "show."



LORD LEVERHULME

THE FILMS

A FILM OF THE HOLY LAND

BY MARK FORREST

NO subject succeeds so easily in provoking an argument as the subject of religion, yet it is astonishing what a small proportion of the people engaged in the argument have ever been to Palestine. It may not be within everyone's means, but more often than not it is not in anyone's mind. The ignorance of those people concerning the real nature of the country which cradled the Bible can be remedied to a certain extent by a visit to the Polytechnic, where a film called 'Palestine' is being shown.

This picture is a silent one, but Mr. Baxter, who directed it, explains very simply its salient points, which are religious rather than merely peripatetic. By that I mean that Mr. Howse, who filmed the record, and Mr. Baxter have chosen to photograph only those places and those scenes of which the Bible speaks most particularly. In the first part they have concentrated upon the history of the Holy Land as mentioned in the Old Testament, and in the second part they follow as far as possible in the steps of Jesus Christ.

The most remarkable thing about the whole endeavour is that, in spite of a modern veneer, the conditions of life as portrayed in the Bible can be found without any great search. These conditions they have been at pains to reproduce, and to those people who have never seen, much less visited, Nazareth, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, Bethany and the Sea of Galilee—to mention a few of the places shown in the second part of the film—the record will add something to their knowledge and an added appreciation of the text will be forthcoming.

To return to ordinary fare, the film at the New Gallery has for its plot a theme which is becoming very familiar from long use. The heroine, a good girl in a bad place, gets arrested and determines to turn over a new leaf. She says good-bye to the gay life and goes as parlourmaid to one of the most aristocratic families in the United States—at least so I suppose the family to be, judging by the number of pillars that are necessary to support the roof of an ordinary hall—where she is duly brought to bed by the son. He, following the well-known formula, wants to do the right thing, but his father won't hear of it; and although their lawyer will, nobody listens. Whereupon the inevitable mud-slinging begins on the inevitable lines and after everyone has spoken to one another in a way which should end their acquaintance for good, they all pat each other on the back and apparently like one another so much that they all want to live together ever after.

Constance Bennett, who has many admirers through her past performances, plays the principal part and, until the scenes rise to Covent Garden stature, acts quite well and looks very pretty; the moment, however, that she has an invective speech of any length which demands emotional power to make anything out of the claptrap, her performance is as hackneyed as the words which she has to speak. Beryl Mercer, on the other hand, who plays her so-called mother, gives an excellent character-study which perceptibly lifts the court scene that before had been inclined to drag. I did not care for Lew Ayres, who played the young man, and any real merit which the film has is due to the direction of Mr. Fleming, a better example of whose skill has now been generally released in a film entitled 'The Virginian.'

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—238

SET BY OSBERT BURDETT

A. *Dear Sir (or Madam: this is important) if you learned unexpectedly that a dear (if recent) friend, of the same sex as yourself, had become engaged to be married to the lady (or gentleman) whom you had been obliged to divorce a couple of years ago, how would you phrase your letter of congratulation? A First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a letter, of not more than 250 words, to suit the occasion. It is understood that your friend was in no way concerned in the previous divorce case, and that the divorced spouse was, as the term implies, the guilty party.*

B. *The Private Patron has generally been abused when spoken of by artists or by authors; yet, from Mæcenæas downward, he is also an honourable figure with an indispensable function. A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be awarded for the best sonnet, in the Shakespearian form, in praise of a Patron by a subject, or observer, of his benign activities. The Patron eulogised must be supposed a modern figure, from 1800 onward, but he must be specified, and must be real.*

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 238A or LITERARY 238B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 29. The results will be announced in the issue of October 4.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 236

SET BY JAMES LINDSAY

A. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of a conversation, in not more than 250 words, between Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the subject of the spirit messages which it is claimed are being received from the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a music-hall song, in two verses and a chorus, with one or two (not more) extra couplets for encores. The song is called 'Who'd have thought we'd lose the Ashes?' and is sung by a member of the Selection Committee.*

REPORT FROM MR. LINDSAY

236A. Most competitors, rightly, I think, in view of his attitude towards the Hound of the Baskervilles and the Sussex Vampire, took the view that Holmes would not have believed in spiritualism. Mr. Upward attributed to the famous detective an indecision that was alien to him, and Mr. Wright's ending was weak. Among the entries that only just failed to win a prize were those of Miss Elles, Miss Singleton and Mr. Wallis. I award the first prize to W. G. and the second to Miss Fletcher.

FIRST PRIZE

My friend's face was set like granite.

"This business must be stopped, Watson!" he said, and the old steely ring had returned to his voice.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed, leaping up in alarm.

"What is it? Surely the Yard—"

"The Yard!" he repeated with a bitter smile. "Do you imagine I have nothing better to do than offer pointers to those incompetent bunglers? No, no, man. This is serious. Here is the man Doyle sending messages again."

"Doyle!" I breathed in horror. "The creator of Moriarty?"

He nodded slowly, and a revengeful spark burned in his eye. "I must nip his plans in the bud!" he said firmly. "Heaven knows what new devilry he may be scheming! Perhaps even another series!" He turned, and began to survey the lettered folios ranged on the shelves.

"But surely, Holmes," I pleaded, "things may not be so bad. Even the *Strand*—they say that fellow Wodehouse has it all his own way now."

A spasm of pain crossed his face. "True, Watson. It was good of you to think of it. Kindly spoken, man! But my decision is taken. Hand me down that folio marked 'Editors.'"

"Holmes!" I cried, aghast. "What black work is this?"

He smiled grimly. "This volume, Watson, contains secret details of the private life of every editor in London. I am about to pay a few visits. After which, I can guarantee that the man Doyle will get no further publicity!"

W. G.

SECOND PRIZE

"Good morning, Watson!" said Holmes, "I see you have something remarkable to communicate."

"You deduced that," said I, smiling, "from my unexpectedly early call?"

"Wrong, as usual, my dear Doctor! I have been composing a monograph on the science of lip-reading and easily discerned that yours had formed the words 'Singular!' 'Inexplicable!'"

I had, in fact, unconsciously murmured the words observed by the acuteness of Holmes.

"Have you seen the reports about Sir Arthur?" I asked.

"What. A scandal already? I thought one had to be dead as long as Gladstone for that! However, if it is necessary to defend his memory—"

"It is not, thank Heaven!" I replied hastily. "The report says that Sir Arthur's spirit has spoken with the living."

"Indeed! And has anyone tried to explain it?"

"Opinion is divided," I answered, "but the most interesting contribution comes from Mr. G. K. C— (I named a famous man of letters), who believes the messages the manifestations of Satanic agency."

"Excellent, Watson! An original theory, to be reserved as a last resort," exclaimed Holmes.

"Remember my principle: 'When we have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.' Where did the story originate?"

"In America."

"Ah, that explains it!"

"How?"

Holmes reached for Volume "A" of his file, and read:

"America—has long been the home of religious or pseudo-religious cranks, fads or impostures. To illustrate this we need only quote Mormonism, Holy Rolling and the more recent activities of Mrs. Aimee Simple Macpherson."

BARBARA FLETCHER

236B. Either cricket enthusiasts do not frequent music-halls, or the latter's clients are not interested in the national game, for, on the whole, the entries were disappointing. Mr. Upward's effort was among the best, and he would certainly have got a prize save for a line which might have been construed as libellous had it been printed. Bébé was good, though it is difficult to imagine a member of the Selection Committee condemning the principle upon which the Test teams are selected. N. B. and Celtico are highly commended, and Pibwob was a good third. The first prize goes to Mr. Walter Harrison and the second to Mr. H. M. Wagstaff.

FIRST PRIZE

We've batsmen that stay in for hours, just sitting on the splice,

While others hit and miss, or tip and run;
We know "the ethics of the Game"; we do not lack advice

From experts, such as "Cricketer," for one;
We also have the *Daily Mail*, *Express* and *Baptist News*

To aid us in selecting for the Test;
We wrap ourselves in mystery, and never air our views:

And then we're told we do not pick the best.

What you loses on the roundabouts you gets back on the swings.

Life's just ups and downs and crashes:

We won the toss and beat them once;

Of course, we thought the rest were bunce.

Who'd have thought we'd lose the Ashes?

We put on Peebles, bowling wides, and Larwood bowling slows,

We tried Jack White, and dropped him hastily;
We didn't try Tich Freeman, for, as everybody knows,

He must have Ames to pour him out his tea;
We'd Parker sitting in the hutch, to watch the game, and dream

Of Cornstalk wickets skittled in a trice;
And though we changed our wheeler in the middle of the stream,

They still complain we did not take advice.

What you loses, etc.

We meant the Northern blokes to vex,
And stuck like glue to Middlesex.

We tried the goosey, timeless game:
The net result was just the same.

WALTER HARRISON

SECOND PRIZE

Now there's Ranji's nephew famous, he'll knock up a lot each day,

To put him in none can blame us, who have ever seen him play.

Who'd have thought we'd lose the Ashes

After Duleep's mighty smashes,

Coupled with Hobbs' brilliant flashes,

Who'd have thought we'd let 'em go?

Then again, adopting Wyatt wasn't meant to be a stunt,

Though it left things not all quiet on the busy Fleet Street front,

Even then we lost the Ashes,

Spite of Duleep's mighty smashes,

'Praps we missed A. P. F.'s dashes,

He who never lets one go.

Though we'd chosen those who fielded smartly, catching, saving runs,

Yet eventually they yielded victory to Australians.

I'd have sworn our last selection would have outshone all the rest,

Yet we're faced with this reflection, England lost the final Test.

H. M. WAGSTAFF

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE BRITISH LEGION

SIR,—It has been stated in the Press that several of the chief officials of the British Legion have proceeded to the United States of America to attend meetings of the F.I.D.A.C. (Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants).

This must entail very heavy expenses. Are these expenses to come out of the Funds of the British Legion? Subscriptions are given to this Legion and poppies are bought on the understanding that its funds are used to help those ex-service men who are disabled or are in poor circumstances.

Surely those funds were not subscribed to provide officials with what is in effect a very expensive and interesting tour.

I am, etc.,

A. H. LANE
(Lieut.-Colonel R.P.)
Late President,
Metropolitan Area,
British Legion.

Camden Hill, W.8

THE NEW PRINCESS

SIR,—I should like to express my entire disagreement with a sentence in your Notes of the Week for August 30. The sentence begins: "When doctors forget their grammar."

The birth of the little princess was unquestionably a national event, and one very near to the heart of every mother and father in the country. What other phrase could have expressed so aptly the impression the doctors intended to give than "doing fine"? What could have been more homely or more understandable?

The doctors were to be commended on their choice of phrase, not blamed. When you go to Rome you do as Rome does.

I am, etc.,

WM. C. JACK

Haswell

EMPIRE FREE TRADE

SIR,—Perhaps the SATURDAY REVIEW will help to elucidate certain points in the programme put forward by the United Empire Party's candidate at Bromley.

1. The Firm Hand in India. Are we not justified in asking for further information about how this is to be applied? And even if the consent of a united British people can be obtained to greater severity in India—what sort of help is likely to be given to the policy by the Empire Irish, the French Canadians and the South African Dutch? And how will more rigorous repression in Egypt and India help Empire trade?

2. There are more purely economic questions. A really intelligent Empire Trade policy will bear in mind two facts—first, the necessity for strengthening the bonds between the Home Country and the Dominions, and second, the need of solving the home (and Australian) unemployment problem. These two problems are not necessarily to be met by measures which may be called complementary. Very much more careful thought is required.

The white population in the Empire is comparatively small, and for some time to come will not be any substitute for our foreign trade. As Sir Malcolm Robertson has pointed out, the investment of British capital in Argentina should make us very careful about shutting

out Argentine goods or forfeiting our interest in the railways there and other markets for our products.

There is the further point that even if we shut out dairy produce, etc., from countries like Holland and Denmark, and encourage New Zealand butter, etc., we may cement the bonds of Empire, but do we assist a solution of the problems of unemployment and agriculture at home?

3. We hear much about economy. On what items of the Budget do the Empire Free Traders urge economy? The last Conservative Budget was made up of £369 millions interest on Debt and Sinking Fund; £55 millions War Pensions; Armaments were £112 millions; Police £12 millions; Pensions and Insurance £70 millions; other services £87 millions and Education £50 millions.

We ought to have much more careful information on these points. The old parties may have failed: the new one looks like making things worse.

I am, etc.,

LEODENSAN

'IS ART DYING?'

SIR,—The writers in this prolonged discussion grow more prolix and tautologous every week without being able to beat out a single new idea, least of all the right one—that the critics and the public don't always know art when they see it.

Some years ago a hoax was played on the Parisian public by a waggish author who gained great applause for a picture entitled 'A Sunset on the Adriatic,' which consisted of the swishings of a donkey's tail.

I would also recall the adverse reception accorded Millais's fine picture, 'Christ in the House of His Parents.' Received with a storm of abuse and ridicule, in which Dickens took a leading part, praised by none but Ruskin, despite its wonderful symbolism and truth to life, it was unsaleable for years.

I am, etc.,

Islington

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

SIR,—Much should be forgiven to youth; your correspondent is evidently very young. Experience will no doubt teach him many things profitable for him to know. For example, that fervid partisanship neither condones forgetfulness of manners nor misrepresentation of facts. Also that abuse of an opponent and indulgence in personalities—a cheap and an antiquated device when a disputant is uncertain of his case—do not take the place of argument, of which, incidentally, it may be said Mr. Michael Redgrave's letter has none.

I would remind the writer, moreover, that to pose as an arbiter of "style" demands of the poser that his writings should show some appreciation of that very uncertain thing, for there is much difference of opinion as to what constitutes literary style. In any case letters to the Press should be in the conversational or colloquial convention, and not in the style proper in the composition of an essay or considered article. Further, the one fault cited against me is not a fault at all, but is the better and more correct variant of the phrase quoted. As a fact, however, I will admit that my difficult handwriting gave me away twice in the course of my letter. For that I blame no one but myself.

For the rest I would commend Mr. Redgrave to a precept I chanced upon in the recently published 'Advice to his Son' by Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland. "Be not," the Earl writes, "too credulous upon reports of understanding persons who joy more in one hour's belief of a falsehood they desire, than in ten hours' labour to know a truth of what is not so pleasing."

The longer this correspondence continues the more it tends to resolve itself into a denial of my right to challenge the pretensions of the "futurists,"

and into the attempt to provoke me into stating my credentials. My record as a writer on art covers nearly half a century; it is well known; but I am not going to expose myself to the charge of being guilty of self-advertisement. I shall not cumber your space further with matters so trivial, personal and unimportant.

But as concerning "futurist" art generally, all who are interested should read the powerful letter addressed by Mr. E. Wyly Grier to *The Times*, and given the place of honour in that journal on August 11. The President of the Canadian Royal Academy is singularly in accord with the positions and conclusions set forth in my letter to you of July 12, though he goes even further than I in his condemnation of the "screaming incoherencies of the painters who should be cheering companions."

I am, etc.,

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE

Authors' Club, S.W.

FALSE NEWS VALUES

SIR,—I heartily agree with your comments on the false news-values of the popular Press. Recently a squabble between two little-known boxers in a West-end grill-room, obviously a put-up affair, was given a two-column heading and description on the principal news-page by the dramatic critic of all people! Another feature, which must have made more Socialists than the *Daily Herald* in its untamed youth, is the column devoted to the antics of wealthy loafers and vulgarians.

It might be supposed that when newspaper proprietors become millionaires they would adopt a more dignified tone in their publications, but it seems that big money is ruining journalism just as it has ruined boxing. It attracts the wrong type of people. Never was sound journalism in more urgent demand than it is to-day. "Comic Cuts" journalism is all right for making fortunes, but not reputations.

In my opinion, journalism will continue to sink so long as newspaper proprietors and "journalists" are more interested in the errand-boys' ha'pence than the dignity and prestige of their profession.

I am, etc.,

N.W.4

FREDK. WILLIS

IN GENERAL

TWO or three months ago, in these columns, I mourned the dearth of robust pamphleteering at the present time, asking the why and wherefore. And a week ago I wrote, among other matters, of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's pre-war manifestos in his hard-hitting review, 'Blast.' To-day these lines converge. I spoke of controversy in England having become too often "a muffled, padded, safety-first form of exercise," but here on my desk is something which, happily, gives me the lie. 'Enemy Pamphlets No. 1' shouts aloud from its cover in noisy black capitals, with some red ones to help matters, that Mr. Lewis is on the war-path again, with the spirited aid of the redoubtable Mr. Roy Campbell, the poet of 'The Flaming Terrapin' and 'Adamastor'; and those who can say with Byron, "I like a row, and always did from a boy," should relish the sight of these scalp-hunters setting off into the territory of what is, a little loosely, known as Bloomsbury.

The pamphlet, as a matter of fact, is for the most part only a long footnote to Mr. Lewis's recent satiric novel, 'The Apes of God,' which has already been ably appreciated in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW. "Scandal of an Attempt to Sabotage a Great Work of Art!" shout the red capitals on the cover: this is the light in which the pamphleteers regard the rejection of a long review of the novel

written for one of our eminent weekly contemporaries, and the reader is offered not only the review in question, but a preface to it, the facsimile of the literary editor's letter of rejection, and a great many reflections on the "storm in the tea-cup called London." On the rights or wrongs of this terrible act of "sabotage" I cannot honestly offer a reasoned opinion, because I have still to read 'The Apes of God'; and until I do I cannot be sure whether or not Mr. Campbell took, as his editor believed, "a far more serious view of its merits than is justifiable." But I have long admired Mr. Wyndham Lewis's skill in handling the satiric lash; he has a style of nervous and pithy strength which, in its kind, has no rival in present-day England, and reflects a critical temper of mind which is healthy in its purging force; and from recollection of 'The Wild Body' and the opening volume of his projected trilogy 'The Childermass,' I can well understand what Mr. Campbell was driving at when he wrote of this recent large-scale novel:

It is more like the "risus sardonius" that follows an overdose of strychnine, for there are few people of our generation who will not find more than one of our own ruling follies or hypocrisies unmasked in this book. Lewis resembles the Jonson of the social comedies, in that Jonson was the great comic pathologist of the Elizabethan "gull" in his "humours," "melancholies," and "roarings." So Lewis is the pathologist of our Georgian revolutionary simpleton in his complexes, lisps, and poutings. His method of caricature is the same as that of Jonson. He accentuates mercilessly the ruling "humour" of each of his characters, until his whole comedy is projected so far beyond the scope of ordinary naturalistic fiction as to arrive at the boundary of the very finest satirical poetry. Like Jonson too he can galvanize characters who in real life have little enough reality (except as types), into vital and unforgettable dramatic creations. . . .

And I feel likewise that Mr. Campbell is right to stress a weakness in the modern English temper when, elsewhere in this pamphlet, he laments that

the art of Satire, one of the chief glories of English literature, has been dead for a hundred years. We are not too genteel to allow ourselves to titter over the un-gainliness of some defenceless old lady, whether it be a dead monarch or some equally defenceless hostess—provided always that she has already become universally accepted as a social or historical butt, in which case it is "good form" to like it. . . . But the traditional satire (real satire) of the Romans, the English, and the French, has always been directed by fearless individuals, at close range, against powerful groups, prominent contemporary figures, and against the follies and shams which they represent, and in this, at least, Mr. Lewis is in the great tradition.

He overlooks, I think, some powerful enough flashes of real satire which, even in these degenerate days, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells have shot off. But in the main his conviction is sound. The times are ripe for a new 'Don Juan'—and it may well be that Mr. Campbell is the poet who will produce it.

Much of Mr. Lewis's own contribution to this eighteen-pennyworth of the vials of literary wrath deals with 'The Apes of God' in particular; but on more general lines he adds a generous postscript on the term "fiction" which many readers will find stimulating and tonic.

It is all too true that this generic term, fiction, stands in need of close critical examination, and that as he claims:

if you had to name one thing more than another as accountable for the immense decay in all our serious critical standards in literature, it is to be found in this acceptance of "fiction" [i.e., the great mass of the seven-and-sixpenny novels] as a serious art. . . . It is when people possessing, rightly or wrongly, a great position in the literature of their very important country, are employed . . . to write weekly about these products in the way they do—lavishing upon them all

the resources of their critical vocabularies—a vocabulary required for the appraisal of such tremendous works as 'War and Peace' or 'L'Education Sentimentale'—that there is something that stinks horribly in the State of Denmark, and that it is more than time to call a halt!

He insists that a work of fiction can only be treated as in the fullest sense a work of art if a page chosen at random can show (even, he suggests, to a taxi-driver chosen also at random) a texture as unmistakable as a page of Donne or Dryden is in poetry. He tries the trick on the reader by printing two opening pages, the sources of which I withhold, and it should be a revealing little experiment to many people. For, taking the matter squarely, far too many people who ought to know better keep their critical apparatus in a sadly loose-jointed state. For them, if Mr. Lewis will allow me one more quotation from his pages,

fiction is, in places, "literature"; in other places (and in most places) it is just a slovenly *blah* that (since it amuses—since it is a sort of *folk-prose* of the middle classes of Western Democracy) must be tenderly handled by the critic.

And it will be a healthy sign in life and in letters when this idea, even in a modified form, is more generally accepted.

QUINCUNX

NEW NOVELS

The 42nd Parallel. By John Dos Passos. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Mario and the Magician. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Secker. 5s.

NOT long ago we spoke disrespectfully of technique in the novel. This does not mean that we object to technique as such. What we do object to is technique which is offered as a substitute for the essential features of a novel. We believe that the possibilities of the novel in its traditional form are still vast, just as there are still countless poetical changes to be rung on the sonnet and other regular verse-forms. And so, without being at all reactionary, we may suggest that before any marked departure from tradition can be accepted, there must be something inevitable about it. Only thus will it justify itself as an artistic device. For example, we accept Whitman's free-verse because the form seems in organic harmony with what the poet has to say. On the same principle we pooh-pooh the free-verse of the imagists which, as a rule, is in organic harmony with nothing.

This digression is a necessary means of approach to 'The 42nd Parallel,' for in this novel we are confronted with quite a radical experiment in technique. Mr. Dos Passos prepared the way for it in 'Manhattan Transfer,' but there the innovations were still tentative. In this new novel they have passed beyond a rudimentary stage, and special apparatus, which Mr. Dos Passos calls the "news reel" and the "camera eye," has been devised to add to their effectiveness. What he has aimed at, and what he has largely succeeded in doing, is to convey an impression of the crudity and unrest of American life during the past generation by tracing a number of specimen American careers during that period. He describes in detail and in alternating segments the lives of such diverse characters as a typist, a political adventurer, a business-woman, a lower-class youth with a taste for roughing it and a workman with revolutionary leanings. These chunks of narrative, taken in bulk, reach something like epic proportions, but the only link which unites them all is the 42nd parallel of the title, for, according to the "American Climatology" of E. W. Hodgins, published at Chicago in 1865, it is along this track that storms travel on their way to New York. Accordingly,

the five representative Americans, the account of whose up and downs occupies the greater part of the book, all gravitate, sooner or later, to New York, where the entry of the United States into the war changes variously the course of their existence. The novel is thus, in chemical terms, a mixture rather than a compound, and here, we think, is the weak point in this experiment. The introduction of the "news reel" was perhaps intended to remedy this defect by imparting a more collective than personal interest to the book. It undoubtedly helps to establish the sense of a definite period with its outstanding events, its topical songs and political catchwords. Moreover, the cunning juxtaposition of the items often produces a concisely satirical effect, e.g.:

Girl steps on Match; Dress ignited; Dies
And Maryland
was fairy-land

When she said that mine she'd be
Danube Shots Signal For Early Strife

I'm against capital punishment as are all level-minded
women. It is a terrible thing for the state to commit
murder

GENERAL WAR NEAR

The "camera eye" strikes us as being less successful in relation to the rest, although it contains some vivid passages of impressionistic prose. It is rather like a haunting but irrelevant set of melodies running through an orchestral composition. Yet, whatever may be thought of the experiment as a whole, Mr. Dos Passos is certainly a novelist who has a right to make experiments. Unlike certain would-be innovators in technique, he understands the art of narrative, he knows how to present characters convincingly, and he can write a prose of his own. He has discovered, possibly with the help of the more coherent parts of 'Ulysses,' the descriptive value of the stark Saxon element in the English vocabulary. Here is a striking example:

The ride was hot and sticky down through peach orchards and pine barrens under a blazing slaty sky that flashed back off sandy patches in scraggly cornfields and whitewashed shacks and strips of marsh water.

In this typical specimen of his style it will be seen how the words, without being altogether decorative in themselves, cumulatively produce the effect of a bold piece of etching. This experiment in diction is, in its way, no less significant than the larger experiment in technique, for which it provides an adequate fabric.

There is nothing experimental about 'Mario and the Magician,' which is a piece of story-telling, pure and simple, although it is not without its subtle implications. In a much earlier work, 'Death in Venice,' Thomas Mann described the tragically corrupting influence which the atmosphere of Italy exerted on a German artist, and in this new book there is a similar suggestion of the evil which at once fascinates and repels. Here, it is embodied in the person of a mysterious and uncanny conjurer, Cipolla, who gives a performance at a small Italian seaside resort. The tale is one of those which produce an overwhelming impression of reality, and the author has neglected no detail which will prepare the way for the tragic climax. Indeed, these incidentals rather tend to displace the centre of gravity of the story. For, as the title shows, this is intended to be the encounter between the waiter and the conjurer, but this encounter is delayed until five-sixths of the book is finished. The result is that the book seems too much like a protracted anecdote or a top-heavy epigram. It must, however, be added that the anecdote is a thrilling one, and the point of the epigram by no means blunt. The translation is good enough to deserve the final scrutiny which would have made it flawless by removing such blemishes as "self-respectingness," "humbuggery," and "aren't there the forward people?" or such traces of the mustard-plaster method as "more correct it would be," "he neared," "analphabetic" and "longings after a sun."

REVIEWS

A NEW ENGLAND POETESS

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson. By Genevieve Taggard. Knopf. 15s.

CHIEFLY the mind, for the life of Emily Dickinson was secluded unto vanishing point. It is twenty years since we were first shown the poems of Emily Dickinson as the last peak of the authentic American classics, written by one who stood apart, but in the range of Poe and Emerson and Walt Whitman. The authentic American note was confused and finally destroyed in the aftermath of the Civil War. The United States then produced a succession of writers of every country except America, even when they wrote about America. America has since bred new schools, but the austere and unmistakable American classic is wanting.

Emily Dickinson has since been discovered in two continents, she who never quitted her father's garden in Amherst during a lifetime. The verse-smiths appreciate the fantastic and fatalistic facets of her minute and rhymeless poetry. We are now faced by the life, which Miss Taggard has recovered with absorbing and detailed precision out of a past which was scarcely ever a present. Never were facts in a life fewer or slighter in comparison with most strokes on the clock of fate. Her fate was to be fateless.

But she wrote twelve hundred poems as a substitute for life. "Emily was idle" we are told. For her, time was unlocked. She was a Puritan and female Saint Simeon Stylites. With modern modifications Tennyson's poems could have been written about her, or at least in gentle parallel. She kept her muslin unspotted from the world under her inhuman father's eye. The Dickinsons were "Yorkshire Celts" and there may have been blood as well as mental affinity with the Brontës. Miss Taggard points out a parallel which is too obvious to be true between Emily and the Brontë sisters:

Emily was infinitesimal in person as was Charlotte; they were both plain with reddish-brown hair and the pallor that matches such hair; their eyes were remarkably fascinating, in both their only good feature, and near-sighted. Charlotte sent a short story to Wordsworth before she was famous and he, like Higginson (to whom Miss Dickinson sent her Poems), replied without committing himself. . . . Still, it was Emily Brontë who had been the true solitary and poet. Clocks terrified them both. Emily Brontë lived in the Vicarage and on the moors, away from people with the exception of a half-year, the Brussels half-year, to which Emily Dickinson's Washington spring corresponds. Emily Brontë's poetry was written in microscopic characters; Emily Dickinson's began minute and shy, almost microscopic, but grew bold. Emily Brontë's poetry is chiefly concerned with God, death and the soul. So is Emily Dickinson's. . . . Emily Brontë died in 1848. . . . Charlotte destroyed all her sister's remains except 'Wuthering Heights.' . . . Emily Dickinson left some kind of word that her sister was to destroy. . . .

This is jigsaw biography. However, the point being made, we can glean the outline of a person different from anybody else before or since, which is the main object of all biography. Emily was brought up to fear "a jealous Gentleman God," who was singularly reflected in her father. "An archaic pain shines in the austere eyes." Mother she never knew. Hers had been one "oppressively tidy," rather like her daughter's poems. So "Father raised Emily" and then suppressed her to the garden dust. Once she had "golden tresses done up in a net-cap." She loved a professor, who died young, and she was loved

by a minister, who survived her without realizing that the girl he had asked to elope had become a legend in American literature. Upon the love of George Gould iron doors were closed by her father and she proceeded to live more chaste and sober than in a convent. At most she dared to be "a debauchee of dew." Her father became a grim Mother Superior to her. She was a Juliana of Norwich, a mystical anchoress, trying to flourish in the thin sceptical sands of Emerson's Boston. But she prevailed and did not run to seed but to jewels of words; clean cut and often diamond-lit, epigrammatic splinters and crystals of verse, often beautifully flawed by her imprisoned thoughts. To use one of the blessed words, Emily was metaphysical.

Her father read only the Bible and newspapers which "had nothing carnal in them." She was allowed to go to a Female Seminary, where the teaching as to the unsaved child resembled that in obsolete Jesuit books of piety. Emily fell in love and wrote an anonymous Valentine in the *Academical* paper. It closed magnificently on dreams of action—"will build almshouses and transcendental State prisons and scaffolds, and we'll blow out the Sun and the Moon, and encourage invention. Alpha shall kiss Omega—we will ride up the hill of glory—Hallelujah, all hail!"

Premature death was to prevent the embrace of Alpha and Omega. Her beloved wrote, "If I live I will go to Amherst; if I die I certainly will." He died and Emily retired to live with his ghost, for, if he died "in some kind of profound and yet lucid despair," he must have been able to haunt the gardens of those he loved. Humphrey was his name and he is compared to Hallam and Emily to Tennyson in her grief. "When the unreconciled spirit has nothing left but God, that spirit is lone indeed" she wrote like a Spanish mystic. But her talents were buried in a muslin napkin and she undertook a life "of sweet fastidious nothingness." Meantime her father had been converted from individual Puritanism to a Christian church. His finer frenzy showed itself on the day he rang the church bell to summon people to see the beauty—or was it the Hellglare—in a sudden sunset. His daughter became a precise and irreverent Lady of Shalott. She breathed upon her mirror and scribbled riddles in the mist of her own breath. Her connexion with life remained sepulchral. Nothing happened till she ventured to flower in resurrection and send four poems to Colonel Higginson. She even addressed the envelope, for, as a rule, she shrank from showing her exquisite script to lewd postal eyes. Her handwriting was like a bird's shy tracks upon snow, but the maturer style is strangely like Oscar Wilde's, "a rapid sort of print, very beautiful and carved, with gaps between strokes, many characters standing alone and no punctuation except dashes." Her verse was similar to her script; "verbs strong enough to suggest adverbs and nouns brilliant enough to imply adjectives." Emily was as willing as a saint to be nobody and to shrink from publicity. For those who are nobodies less by choice than circumstance, she wrote consolingly:

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog.

Obviously she never had a Press agent. Such verse lent itself to parody, but often she wrote memorably. Mr. Higginson never observed anything more than an "amateurish eccentricity." She renounced everything except the possible meed of praise, but it never came. Her father still kept the door, and his legal phrases (two pages of them are printed) crept into her tiny, rhymeless poems. She became vacant and disbelieved in evil. The Civil War left her finally walled in a vacuum. Nine years after

her first letter Mr. Higginson called. A plain little woman in a worsted shawl shyly put two lilies into his hand as her introduction. She told him her father read "lonely and rigorous books." When a book made her body colder than fire could warm, she knew it was poetry. So she suffered interview from her chosen critic and declined photography. The Life has photographs of everyone save Emily: Colonel Higginson, Mr. Gould and Mr. Bowles, who now entered her life and gave her a jasmine flower. Mr. Bowles was literary and she sent him to Europe to touch Mrs. Browning's grave, but, alas, he gave Emily no word of praise. When he died she remembered his face was "graphic as a spirit's." She returned to her "technic of loneliness." She ascended the scale of real living. "She had no taboos and no panaceas." But she was no more a spinster than Saint Teresa. "To love, if only to renounce, is to have power; and to fail to love is to fail." In vain Mr. Higginson had offered her "literary personality." She declined to go to Boston, even to hear him lecture on Greek goddesses. She preferred cutting cameos out of 'Webster's Dictionary.' Like Blake, she found sand as structural as mountains. We are told that she was not only nearly crazy but "prodigiously vain." We cannot believe either. So few are the facts and facets that the gaps are filled with metaphysical banter and the endless succession of sentences and shots—relevant or irrelevant—which make modern American biography. There is too much about Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman. Nevertheless, Emily Dickinson has triumphed over her biographer as over her photographer. She remains elusive. We refuse to take the mind of Genevieve Taggard instead. Miss Taggard, too, might have written of her work:

On the bleakness of my lot
Bloom I strove to raise.

The quick little metaphors never cease, like the patter of a machine gun, and some hit their mark. Emily Dickinson died two pages after her father. Mr. Higginson beheld her in death and read a poem by Emily Brontë. The man she had loved was not at the funeral, but awoke a few years later to the fact that he had been loved by a great American poetess. Mr. Higginson edited her posthumous poems, which became rapidly famous, then her letters, and Mr. Gould became jealous, for he publicly accused Mr. Higginson of "rhetorical rose-water." Then he died confessing to his astounded wife of forty years that his life had been a disappointment. "In this mood George Gould died and entered Heaven, where Emily already dwelt with God and Squire Dickinson."

SHANE LESLIE

PHILOSOPHER AND POET

Coleridge as a Philosopher. By Prof. J. H. Muirhead. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

IN his preface Prof. Muirhead claims modestly to have written a book whose interest is mainly for those interested in technical philosophy. But even though the style is somewhat lacking in vigour it would be strange if it did not attract an even larger public. The spectacle of a poet who was also a philosopher of high value is sufficiently rare in the history of thought, and Prof. Muirhead has done a real service in emphasizing Coleridge's claims as one of the pioneers of English idealism.

Coleridge lived in a world of rapid change. Everywhere a new spirit had begun to disturb the calm waters of eighteenth-century classicism. A series of great preachers had reawakened religious enthusiasm; poetry had burst forth into exuberant romanticism; across the Channel the French Revolution bore wit-

ness to the fact that men's hearts were beginning again to thrill to political emotions unknown since the decline of the Greek City State.

But English philosophy lagged sadly behind. The school of experience was in full possession of the field, only challenged by the now dying coterie of Cambridge Platonists, and by the old tradition of syllogistic logic, which still staggered on, a venerable figure even in decay, but too old and stiff in the joints to become the vehicle of a modern creed. No one in this country as yet suspected the world-shattering importance of an almost unintelligible volume which had issued from the University of Königsberg.

It was the achievement of Coleridge to have shaken off the shackles of empiricism, and to have evolved, under German influence, a definitely idealist system of philosophy a generation before the rest of his countrymen. He began his "spiritual Odyssey" as an ardent disciple of the empiricist Hartley, whose massive volume 'On Man,' with its quasi-mathematical exposition of the theory of Vibratiuncles still survives on the shelves of many an English country house. But no one was more fitted than the versatile Coleridge to see the deficiencies of empiricism, and he fell under the influence first of Spinoza, then of Schelling and Kant, while Plato at all times seems to have commanded his respect.

Professor Muirhead traces through the various branches of philosophy the outlines of the Voluntaristic Idealism which was the outcome of these studies, and in doing so he succeeds in showing that to a large extent Coleridge anticipated the teachings of a later generation.

To himself his philosophy of religion, to his contemporaries his views on politics, were the most important. But possibly because to perfect the first was an end which he only partially achieved, while the second involved him in discussions of a more



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popular nature, the modern student will find more of interest in the chapters on logic and metaphysics. Besides illustrating his complete rejection of the popular empiricism, these clearly prove that in his insistence that the distinction between subject and object was not ultimate, and perhaps even more so in his use of a theory of trichotomy to refute the arguments for Immanence in Kant, Coleridge was far in advance of his times. Even in his most typical, if not his happiest doctrine, the logical priority of will to being, he was more in sympathy with modern than with contemporary thinkers. That he failed further to influence the thought of his time is indeed a mystery—which Prof. Muirhead perhaps does little to elucidate in his Conclusion.

QUINTIN HOGG

A FRENCH OBJECT-LESSON

Revelation. By André Birabeau. Translated by Una Lady Troubridge. Gollancz. 6s.

MANY lectures, courses, handbooks profess to teach the technique of the short story. In America they have produced the standardized magazine-product; but, for those whose aim is not commercial and whose eye is not limited to a profitable market, the best teacher for Englishmen, is good French fiction. Be it in a tale by Mérimée or Maupassant, in 'La Dame aux Camélias,' or in this translation of a recent book entitled 'Revelation,' the clear, detached, logical French mind rejoices in an explicit technique, which is peculiarly instructive to us because it is wholly free from the sloppiness, the discursiveness, and (one may add) the frequent purposiveness of the typical English story. While each part, indeed each paragraph, of a good French tale has its separate importance as truly as each brick in the wall of a house, the parts exist for the whole, and not until the interest of reading it shall have been exhausted does one care to separate the bricks from the structure into which they have been assembled. This analysis is easy, because the Frenchman likes to define each brick as he places it in position, and M. André Birabeau is an excellent example since two of his chapters consist, severally, of eight and of five words. This technique, being natural to them, in less imaginative French hands becomes mechanical: one reason why, perhaps, as a Frenchwoman lately assured me, the discursive Dickens is still one of the most widely read English authors in France. Verlaine in verse, Proust in prose, show the subdominant French desire to escape from objective lucidity. For us it is exactly the quality which we miss, and need, in English fiction. In Lady Troubridge's clean translation (this dramatic tale, apart from the narrative, is full of technical interest. If, without presumption, one may put it negatively, the blunders that the author avoids are among its special delights.

The catastrophe, for example, is a pitfall in itself, since scarcely anyone can touch it without self-consciousness. It has too many factitious and accidental associations to be treated, as a rule, with artistic nonchalance; it can hardly escape the false importance of the concern of a minority, with whom it easily becomes an obsession; consequently, it lends itself to fruitless prejudice or to tedious propaganda: in sum, it is one of those side-tracks on which next to nothing can be done and on which everything has been said. Nonetheless, M. Birabeau avoids the pitfalls; indeed, one of the excitements of 'Revelation' is to watch how the path (which the pitfalls waylay) regularly, at the last moment, escapes from landing the story in disaster. At the end of the book one sees that the tale does not depend upon its motive, that a less extreme

example could have served, and that the motive adopted has been chosen because, in the theatrical sense of the word, the abnormal is more "theatrical" than the vagarious. Before the first chapter has been finished we realize that the author is a playwright. A writer of plays tells a story with an unmistakable difference: characters in action are different from any narration of their doings.

The curtain rises on a flat in Paris inhabited by a mother and her son. She is usually a grass-widow, since the husband, a special reporter, is generally abroad. Happy as she is with her husband on his visits, Madame is necessarily wrapped up in her son and only child. She has every reason to be devoted to him, and has more than maternal excuses for finding him a superior child, and more unsullied than other boys. She is proud and jealous of his innocence, and we see her watching him among her friends and relatives to protect him from indiscreet behaviour or conversation. He has a passion for motors and, while still in his teens and after a short apprenticeship in a Paris showroom, he is appointed a representative of a big firm of motor-car manufacturers at Avignon. A telegram arrives to say that he has been seriously injured in a motor-accident. She hurries south to find him dead, and among his papers she finds some love-letters bearing the signature of a man. Her intense recoil at this discovery leads the reader to fear that the situation will be exploited, for the love of the mother turns into physical disgust. Her idol is in ruins, and, unable to finish the letter to her husband that she had begun, she sends a telegram and keeps her knowledge to herself. When the husband hastens to her side, his sympathy is unable to unite them, and the effect of her secret emotion upon their own relationship is detailed with minute, and generally convincing, skill. The reader awaits her avowal of her knowledge, wondering what the father's reaction will be. Every word

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between them has a different significance to each. When, with his enormous absences in mind, he says: "I had a son and I never knew him," their conversation at cross-purposes is like a scene upon the stage. In the end she does not tell him; and the chapter, eight words long, in which she discovers the name of "the man," is the end of the second act.

Under the obsession of her inverted love, a love turned to gall, she purchases a pistol—but the end of the story is too good to be disclosed. Except for the ending, the skeleton might, in these days, have occurred to anybody: the art begins with the flesh growing on the bones. The husband, being rarely present, remains a sketch, though the trained reporter comes to life when a friend remarks that his ear for a dozen conversations in a restaurant is like that of the conductor of an orchestra. A score of characters are introduced, and each is alive and individual, the seller of antiques being one of the best.

The real theme, since the occasion for the mother's recoil is only an accident, is twofold: maternal love, upon the surface, and underneath, the nature of passion itself. The former has often been analysed. The latter is still worth a few words. The mother does not perceive the paradox of our carnal nature. Just as matter is only bearable when it is in the right condition, so the acts of our physical appetites are only bearable when performed in hot blood. To a sick man the sight of food is nauseating. Love is warm-blooded: vice and gross sensuality are always cold. Thus, when the mother recoils from her husband's attentions, after the death of her son, because her cold bloodedness makes his action revolting, she thinks passion disgusts her, when passion remains unaltered; does not see that carnality is sacred or revolting according to the temperature of the heart. This is the real implication of her entire experience; but I hasten to add that there is no thesis in the book. It lives as a story, and it moves its readers because of the understanding and the imagination which have worked out every necessary detail of the picture and have omitted everything else. Being only the fulcrum, the son, except through his mother's eyes in his infancy and after his death, forms no part. That is high praise for such a story as this. An erotic motive is not exploited, but used to show how average humanity behaves. These reactions are the marrow of the story, and the way in which they are woven into a living pattern is an object-lesson of narrative skill.

OSBERT BURDETT

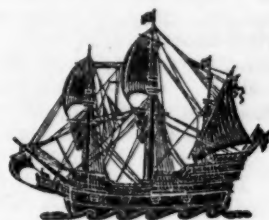
A MISLED OBSERVER

L'Angleterre d'après-guerre et le conflit houiller.
Par Floris Delattre. Colin. 35 frs.

M. DELATTRE is one of several writers whose work gives the lie to Mr. Arnold Bennett and those others who persist in saying that the French are interested in themselves alone. What he has now produced is a substantial, well documented and graphic account of the general strike in 1926, prefaced by a record of events leading up to that great calamity. If the book is to be considered as an attempt to make foreign readers see England through English spectacles, no words of praise are too high for it. The author is, perhaps, wandering in twilight when he touches on our ecclesiastical arrangements. The archiepiscopal appeal for peace in the midst of industrial strife strikes him as a sign that the Church, having gained a measure of autonomy, is veering to the left. To put such an interpretation on the late Lord Davidson's pathetic gesture does, of course, betray a sort of alien innocence. On every other subject, however, M. Delattre writes as one of us. Even, or especially, when his assertions are most disputable, their English source is patent.

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Take as example the majority of his references to Mr. Baldwin. Together they form an admirable copy of the portrait familiar on the election hoardings. Occasionally, indeed, the French writer is bewildered by the actual doings of the legendary figure he has reconstructed for his compatriots' benefit. As a conscientious chronicler, he has been bound, for instance, to state that on a July evening in 1925 the then Prime Minister granted the collieries a big subsidy, though on the morning of that very day he had refused them all financial aid. Also, as an ordinarily intelligent observer of effects and causes, he has noted how recollection of this right-about swayed the trade unions in subsequent months, persuading them that their bluff would never be called. Yet, when this case of amazing tergiversation has been mentioned, M. Delattre continues to insist upon existence of the plain, blunt man; dull, it may be, but straightforward always. On one page, too, Mr. Baldwin is described as "without personal vanity of any sort." There are sections of our society where that belief is held dogmatically; but a visitor from abroad, using his powers of logical deduction from facts and speeches, and declining to be fed from silver spoons, might profitably have called it into question.

Again, the author's pronouncement on veneration of law in general and judges in particular as a basis of English national psychology, should be severely qualified. Often, the stranger in our midst would do better to rely upon flair than on what the Podsnaps tell him. Sir John Simon's opinion on the illegality of the strike produced an uneasiness in Eccleston Square which the Astbury judgment turned to panic. The funds of the unions were at stake; the very private resources of those who were leading or encouraging the strike did not seem absolutely safe. Only by such overwhelming victory as Mr. MacDonald and his responsible colleagues had never contemplated, or by quick surrender to the Government, was there certitude of avoiding a number of unpleasant consequences. But between respect for law itself and disinclination to pay for the luxury of its defiance, a wide line should be drawn, and, if the English are prone to blur it, their candid friends ought to mark it the more plainly. As the author saw, the general strike was conducted with the good humour which is, indeed, a national characteristic, and to this, rather than to some peculiar laic piety, was due the absence of broils which he had, no doubt, anticipated. Reverence for the Judge on the Bench is a plant of far more recent growth than is generally fancied, and the depth to which its roots go is dubious. Had M. Delattre gone somewhat further into this matter, he might have decided that the Englishman, ever ready to endorse Bumble's verdict upon law, was at heart a jovial anarchist. One generation ago, when "freedom of the Press" was still a more awe-inspiring phrase than "contempt of court," the SATURDAY REVIEW commented habitually on luminaries of the bench and their proceedings in a style which, if imitated to-day, would land the editor in gaol.

D. WILLOUGHBY

WAR AND POLICY

Thoughts of a Soldier. By General von Seeckt. Translated by Gilbert Waterhouse, with an Introduction by General Sir Ian Hamilton. Benn. 8s. 6d.

IT is at first sight somewhat surprising that this book by an able German officer should contain so little that is new. For, as Sir Ian Hamilton says in his Introduction, "his experiences as Chief of the General Staff have covered a wider field of action than those of any other living man." The intro-

duction lacks simplicity of expression, but the thoughts of General von Seeckt wear a striking clarity, and are neither deep nor abstruse. They are in fact the appropriate thoughts of a soldier, however inspired they may be by the study of war. For simplicity of thought and action are the essentials of good quality in all things; and especially in what Sir Ian calls the "science of war"; only war is generally supposed to be an art rather than a science, a term which gives it a false impression of abstruseness and complexity. All great actions have been simple; and failure can generally be traced to a neglect of this conception; complicated operations are too dependent on the fitting-in of delicate parts, the failure of one of which will upset the whole mechanism.

There is much to be learnt from this book by those who have not made an intelligent study of war. The most instructive chapters are perhaps those dealing with the problems of statesman and soldier, and the Chief of the General Staff, whose functions have usually been imperfectly understood. The soldier is apt to forget that the application of the principles of war must be modified or limited by the requirements of politics; while the statesman is prone to trespass on the domain of the soldier. For example, it is for the statesman to decide on the outbreak of war whether the possibly superior prospects of a military offensive are not outweighed by political disadvantages; in the invasion of Belgium, in 1914, the statesman was overruled by the soldier, with eventually disastrous political and military results. Again, unity of command is a great military advantage, but difficult of application in the case of allied forces. Our experience of war shows that the essential principle of simplicity has not always been fully grasped by either statesman or soldier. The main principles are well set forth in this book; but



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the author is surely wrong in ascribing them "in new and clear form" to Schlieffen, although he terms them "the old eternal rules of war." They are: (1) The destruction of the enemy is the goal of war, but there are many roads to the goal. (2) Every operation must be dominated by one simple and clear idea. Everybody and everything must be subordinated to that idea. (3) Decisive force must be thrown in at the decisive point. These doctrines are elementary platitudes, deduced from the experience of history by Napoleon and reduced by him to bold and successful practice. They are embodied by him in one phrase when he said of his project for the invasion of Russia: "I will concentrate six hundred thousand men on one point." It is in their application that failure has been most marked. They should be called principles rather than rules, a term too rigid and liable to create errors of conception.

Sir Ian Hamilton's definition of a pacifist as "one who refuses service" is interesting and fits the meaner exponents of pacifism, a term which, General von Seeckt points out in his chapter on 'Catchwords,' covers a wide field, from the natural lover of peace to servile subjection to the will for peace at any price. Catchwords are usefully discussed, for they are a dangerous feature of political and military jargon. Thus "force is no remedy" has been applied by responsible people even in cases where force is the sole remedy.

The author says that "the prestige of a State depends largely on its military capacity"; so simple a truth should be proclaimed; some hold that England should disarm as an example; we have voluntarily disarmed to a greater extent than any other Power, but our example has not been followed; a weak Empire is weak not only for war but for the maintenance of threatened peace. He points out that one-sided disarmament is no remedy; "the risk of war lies essentially in inequality of military forces. A guarantee of peace lies less in the reduction of armaments than in the observance of agreed proportions."

Sir Ian Hamilton speaks of "the curse of conscription." But does conscription make for war? Were there fewer wars when they were gladiatorial combats between professional armies? The experience of England proves that a nation can build up a mighty army after the outbreak of hostilities. General von Seeckt rightly awards the credit of this will to victory and preparation of the means to Lord Kitchener. It is strange to find this infantry officer devoting more space to cavalry than any other subject. He seeks to show that "the days of cavalry, if trained, equipped, and led on modern lines, are not numbered." But his chapters indicate that this is rather a question of nomenclature, and that his cavalry might equally be termed a highly specialized mounted infantry.

R. G. BURTON

FRANCIS PLACE

Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population. By Francis Place. Edited by Norman Himes. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THIS edition does great credit to the publishers as well as to its editor. By a photographic process a line for line and page for page copy of Place's book is given and it thus enables us to pay a tribute both to the excellence of printing in 1822 and to those who have reproduced it.

The main interest in this reissue and in Mr. Himes's introduction lies in the struggle in ideas between Godwin and Malthus in which Place endeavoured to arbitrate. The more that people of to-day read the

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polemics of this period, the better will they be able to understand modern political and economic problems. In 1924 Dr. James Bonar republished his valuable treatise on 'Malthus and His Work' and recently Godwin, too, has been revived. If only our politicians would read and think about these books, we should have far fewer vain and unsound attempts to solve the problems that face us to-day.

The follies of Godwin are essentially the follies of present-day Socialists. Given a state of equal property and a system of government directed by reason, then Utopia would be at hand. This was Godwin's creed and it is the creed of our present Government. Malthus exposed its follies, but the lessons that he taught have not been learned. In some measure both Godwin and Malthus were wrong, but Malthus was far more correct than Godwin. The industrial era postponed the operation of the economic factors which Malthus predicted, but it only postponed them. But Godwin's errors were fundamental. Place saw the fallacies in both the protagonists, but those of Godwin were easier game for him than those of Malthus. Godwin believed, as our present-day Socialists believe, that only governmental institutions and methods of distributing wealth are the causes of poverty and distress. Malthus, on the other hand, believed that the poor "are themselves the cause of their own poverty." The latter was an exaggeration; but Godwin's views were fundamentally unsound.

In the Godwin-Malthus debate Francis Place held a middle view. He had learned by personal suffering and hunger that a large family is a powerful cause of poverty; he had fifteen children, of whom five died in childhood. For eight months soon after the birth of his first child he was on the verge of starvation. Place did not rush to the conclusion, as our Socialists do to-day, that if only wealth could be equally distributed these things would not be. He saw, as Malthus saw, that reckless breeding, regardless of economic ability, must lead to poverty.

CYRIL MARTIN

SHORTER NOTICES

At the Sign of the Dog and Gun. By Patrick R. Chalmers. Allan. 12s. 6d.

IT is a paradox of human nature that they who find their recreation in lethal sports are great lovers of animals, as it is a commonplace of natural history that we owe to those who go out to kill some of the best descriptions of wild life in the language. Here, for instance, is Mr. Chalmers at the sign of the Dog and Gun giving us the very essence of the sport he loves, yet at the same time exhibiting a warm affection for his victims, so that one almost doubts whether the mid-May peep at a sitting partridge does not really mean as much to him as an autumn "right and left" that made orphans of the clutch. Apart from all the beautiful field notes with which these tales of sport are sprinkled, there are the dog stories, real stories of real dogs, that are perfect in their kind. There is the story of the retriever who in a moment of devilment killed a sitting partridge and, rebuked for such wickedness, was too ashamed to return home, so that his master and mistress, to whom he abased himself and wept, had to return for him in the car. There is the story which hints that perhaps the "heart" of the old friend you mourn may pass into the probationer puppy who comes to take his place—a happy thought in a book that teems with happy thoughts. And there is the story of the middle-aged springer, who came with the history that she had never been struck in her life and could not bear to hear a

harsh word; and who proved so tender of heart that once, on seeing a Sealyham justly cuffed, she lit out for home, and called it a day. Here is a book that all lovers of the country will enjoy, for, whether in prose or verse, Mr. Chalmers is an ideal companion.

African Drums. By Dr. Fred Puleston. Gollancz. 15s.

THIS is no book of the superficial impressions of a globe trotter, but the deep-cut impressions of a man who lived for sixteen years in Central Africa as a trader—before he became a doctor. He knew Stanley and Casement; and he knew the natives as few white men can have known them. He was made blood brother to two tribes. Out of his memories he has made a forceful, interesting book; a book singularly free from cant and false sentiment about the black man and his way of living. He makes us realize the awful loneliness and monotony which drive all but the strongest to drink and the devil—or to a native woman. In one terrible chapter he tells how he found one white man dead, probably murdered by the natives—but there were no clues to be gathered from all that rats, cockroaches, and maggots had left of the body. This trader turned doctor makes us hear a sound that, he says, can drive a white man mad as surely as the monotony and loneliness; a sound that did drive one man mad—and to his death. It is the sound of the native drums, beaten for hours, beaten with a different but no less maddening tempo "for births, marriages, dances, funerals, wars, witch hunts and executions; they are used during torture and imprisonment and for transmitting news. When those infernal things are heard you wonder what devilry is about to be perpetrated. I shall hear them for the rest of my life."

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ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 443

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, September 25)

WHY DO MOTORISTS KNOCK FOLKS DOWN
WHO'RE MERELY WALKING THROUGH THE TOWN?

1. "The peasant's last?" No, Baby's first, farewell.
2. This bath, for cleansing bears away the bell.
3. Sir, of that riddle half's enough for you.
4. David was one when he the lion slew.
5. With this world's goods in ample measure blest.
6. If this you're seeking, mind you don't go west.
7. 'Tis man's to man that makes so many mourn.
8. The century in which SAT. REV. was born.
9. Of eastern potentate annex one-third.
10. For him to put on airs is most absurd.
11. Three years lies hidden, growing fat on roots.
12. Mankind collectively, excluding brutes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 441

First of our 33rd Quarter.

THE RUINED ROCKIES NURSE THIS SAVAGE BEAST;
THE SPINY PLANT GROWS FREELY IN THE EAST.

1. Heart of a handsome bird by keepers hated.
2. Renews an interest perhaps abated.
3. Clip at each end a cake that few refuse.
4. This in the heavens imagination views.
5. Take more than half of one who read the stars.
6. Holds humble rank among the sons of Mars.
7. Now twice decapitate an epic choice.
8. By Philomel alone excelled in voice.
9. No longer fills men's minds with dire dismay.
10. White, yellow, crimson, are its blossoms gay.
11. In search of booty he the seas would sail,
Lulled by the storm and glorying in the gale.

Solution of Acrostic No. 441

maG	Pie ¹	1 "There is such a rich glow of colour,
R	efreshe	R and such a metallic splendour of
bl	scu	It plumage in this bird, that one
Z	odia	C would almost be apt to imagine
Z	ad	Kiel ² that it must have found its
L	ance-corpora	L way here from the blazing latitudes
OdY	sse	Y of the south. . . My keeper both hates
B	lackca	P ³ and fears a magpie."
E	clips	E Charles Waterton, <i>Essays on Natural</i>
A	zale	A <i>History</i> .
R	ove	R ⁴ 3 Zadkiel's Almanac has long been

known, "Zadkiel" was a Mr. R. J. Morrison, who died in 1874. "Old Moore" was already ancient in 1702.

2 "Superior, perhaps, to any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted."

Gilbert White (1774).

4 "Y del trueno Al son violento,
Y del viento Al rebramar,
Yo me duermo Sosegado,
Arrullado Por el mar."
Espronceda: *Cancion del Pirata*.

ACROSTIC No. 441.—The winner is "Stucco," Mr. E. W. Laphorn, Glenelg, Gosport, who has selected as his prize 'The Ochraha,' by A. T. Vassilyev, published by Harrap and reviewed by us on September 6 under the title 'Ochraha and Tsheka.' Twenty-five other competitors named this book, fourteen chose 'Glimpses of the Great,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Boskerris, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, George W. Miller, St. Ives.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, A. S. G., Barberry, E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Clam, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Ursula D'Ot, Ebor, Estela, Falcon, Gay, Glamis, Iago, Jeff, Madge, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Shorwell, Sisypus, C. J. Warden, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ali, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, C. C. J., Sir Reginald Egerton, G. M. Fowler, Marnel, Martha, Met, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, Margaret Owen, Peter, Rabbits, Raven, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 51 solvers; Light 3, 22; Light 9, 13; Lights 1, 10 and 11, 1.—As used by business men, a *Reminder* calls attention to the fact that an account due is unpaid, and that prompt settlement would be appreciated. A *Refresher* is something infinitely more agreeable.—The *Evil-eye* is still feared even in a civilized country like France, and as for *Earthquakes*, certainly they will "fill men's minds with dire dismay" as long as the human race exists.

D. L.—Your solution of No. 439 could not be included in the list, because it arrived late. Please post as early as possible, so as not to miss your chance of a prize.

INITIAL SERVICES (1928)

The Second Ordinary General Meeting of Initial Services (1928), Ltd., was held on September 17, at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. W. J. C. Hinneck, who presided, said that the trading profit for the past year, including gross dividends on shares of subsidiary companies, amounted to £206,940; after providing working expenses and management remuneration, That showed an increase of £5,132 over the previous year. The total profit carried to the balance sheet amounted to £210,482, compared with £158,527 for the previous year. When considering the profits of the year ended June 30, 1929, however, they must remember that the company was only incorporated on September, 17, 1928, and the sum of £43,678, being the estimated profit for the period preceding incorporation, was used to reduce goodwill.

The liquid resources of the company were very considerable. At June 30 last, cash at bankers and in hand amounted to £140,866; investments in British Government securities to £98,070; sundry debtors and payments made by the company in advance to £40,634, and amounts owing by subsidiary companies, including dividends since declared, £24,726—a total of approximately £304,000. Against that total were sundry creditors and amounts owing to subsidiary companies, which together were less than £16,000, and the reserve for income tax had now increased to £80,000, a sum which should be more than sufficient to cover the liability of the company to June 30 last. The directors had also reserved £8,000 to provide the preference dividend accruing for the three months to June 30, 1930.

After providing for the preference and interim dividends and for all taxation there remained a balance with which they now had to deal of £117,255.

In order to consolidate still more the strong position of the company, the directors recommended that goodwill should be further written down by £13,694, reducing it to £200,000, which was less than one year's profit; also that £30,000 should be transferred to general reserve account, which would then stand at £55,000. They further recommended a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 4d. per share, less tax, which, together with the interim distribution of 2d. per share already paid, was at the rate of 50 per cent. for the full year on the ordinary shares. That final dividend would absorb £58,125, leaving £15,436 to be carried forward.

It must be remembered that the past year had been one of extreme difficulty in all businesses. The directors hoped, therefore, that shareholders would consider that the accounts before them were satisfactory, and that they would approve the proposed strengthening of the company's resources.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS

By LEX

FOREWORD by the Rt. Hon. LORD MESTON, K.C.S.I.

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CONDUCTED PAPER OF THE PROFESSION."
The Hon. Mr. Justice McCardie.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH the improvement in markets at the end of August appears to have dispelled, at least temporarily, the ultra-pessimistic outlook as far as the Stock Markets are concerned, the volume of business shows little signs of expansion and stockbrokers are again finding time hanging very heavily on their hands. The gilt-edged market continues to be the scene of large operations on behalf of one or two operators, with the result that prices here fluctuate in a manner not in the past associated with this market. Even the publication last week of extremely adverse trade returns for August had little effect on gilt-edged prices. At first blush this certainly seems somewhat strange, as in the past, there is no question, the information that the trade balance for the first eight months of the current year, as compared with the same period of last year, showed an adverse increase of over £13,000,000, would certainly have led to a dull gilt-edged market. Presumably, temporarily, the effect of this return has been nullified by the cheapness of money and the necessity for its employment, with no adequate alternative, in gilt-edged securities. The thinking investor is rather on the horns of a dilemma; he may realize—it is to be hoped that he does—the seriousness of the position, as reflected by these trade returns; he may appreciate that these should certainly tend to a lower level for gilt-edged securities, but he is dependent on the interest he receives for part, if not all, of his income; he does not wish to take any risks, and he therefore chooses the gilt-edged market as perhaps the best alternative available. The permanent investor can afford to ignore temporary fluctuations in his gilt-edged holdings, and, therefore, need feel no great personal alarm when the opinion is expressed that unless a very radical change for the better occurs in the industrial position of this country, and, unless rigid economy is exercised in our internal national expenditure, gilt-edged stocks will be procurable in due course at lower levels than those ruling to-day.

TURNER AND NEWALL

As a result, it is believed, of the liquidation of a large block of shares on behalf of a deceased estate, Turner and Newall ordinary shares are now standing at a level at which they appear well worth picking up by the investor desiring an interest in a really first-class industrial concern, the shares of which are likely to show capital appreciation over a period. Turner and Newall have rationalized the asbestos industry. This has been done gradually and wisely. The company's finances have been conservatively handled, and there is a big margin between its earning capacity and the dividend it distributes. Extensive examination of the position of the company has, it is understood, led to the purchase of shares on behalf of certain very ably conducted trust companies, which procedure is also recommended to the private investor.

ISLE OF THANET ELECTRIC

The Isle of Thanet Electric Supply Company owns a system of tramways running through Ramsgate, Broadstairs, St. Peter's and Margate, and supplies electric light in Broadstairs, Margate, Westgate and

Birchington. The capital of the company consists of 150,000 ordinary shares of £1 each and 282,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares, also of £1. These preference shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, payable on March 31 and September 30, and, after the ordinary shares have received 6 per cent. in any one year, the two classes of shares rank equally for any further distribution. For the past three years the ordinary shares have received dividends of 4 per cent., while the preference have received their fixed 6 per cent. Reference is made to these two classes of shares because a striking anomaly exists in their price, the ordinary shares standing higher than the preference. In view of the fact that equal voting powers are held by each class, that is one vote for every share held, one can certainly recommend holders of Isle of Thanet ordinary shares exchanging their interests for the participating preference of the same company. By so doing they further enhance their security, add 2 per cent. to the yield on their shares and receive a small cash difference represented by the fact that the ordinary can be sold at a higher price than the preference can be bought.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

In this Review will be found particulars of an issue of Debenture stock that is being made by the General Electric Company. Perusal of the particulars will show that this Debenture constitutes a thoroughly desirable well-secured safety-first investment, and as such it can be unreservedly recommended.

INITIAL SERVICES

The chairman of Initial Services (1928) Limited had a pleasing tale of progress to unfold to the shareholders of that company at the annual meeting held this week. The recently issued report showed that the profit for the year amounted to £210,482. Holders of the 1s. ordinary shares are to receive a final dividend of 4d., making with the interim dividend of 2d., 6d. for the year, which gives a very satisfactory return even at the present market price. In their class these Initial Services 1s. ordinary shares appear to possess possibilities at the present level.

WEST AFRICAN DIAMONDS

After passing through extremely difficult times, it would seem that the outlook for Diamond shares is rather more promising. There is a low-priced share in this market which certainly appears undervalued at the present level—the 5s. shares of the West African Diamond Syndicate, which are standing in the neighbourhood of 3s. 6d. This company's output consists solely of the very small commercial diamonds, for which there appears to be a ready market. For the year ended March 31 last shareholders received 15 per cent. in dividends, and while it is not suggested that this rate will be maintained for the current year, shareholders are likely to receive a return in the form of dividends which will make the shares show a very generous yield at their present depreciated level. In their class, a purchase can be recommended.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the ordinary general meeting of Initial Services (1928), Ltd.

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PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The List will open on Monday, 22nd September, 1930, and will close on or before Wednesday, 24th September, 1930, for Cash Applications. Applications by holders of the existing 7 per cent. Debenture Stock, desiring to convert their holdings, will be received up to and including Monday, 29th September, 1930.

The General Electric Company Limited

SHARE CAPITAL

	Authorised	Issued
6½ per cent. "A" Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	£1,800,000	£1,800,000
7½ per cent. "B" Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	1,800,000	1,800,000
Ordinary Shares of £1 each	2,400,000	2,253,645
British Ordinary Shares of £1 each	1,600,000	—
	<u>£7,600,000</u>	<u>£5,853,645</u>

There is now outstanding £2,919,340 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock (of which £60,100 Stock has been drawn for repayment on 30th September, 1930), but the whole amount of such Debenture Stock will be paid off by 30th September, 1931, or satisfied by the issue of 5 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock, together with a cash payment, on the terms stated below.

Holders of 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock (except the Stock drawn for repayment on 30th September, 1930) have the right exercisable up to the 29th September, 1930, to convert their holdings into an equivalent amount of 5 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock, together with a cash payment of £4 per cent., in addition to the interest accrued up to the 30th September, 1930, on the Stock so converted.

ISSUE OF

£3,500,000 5 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock at 98 per cent.

Interest payable 31st March and 30th September.

SECURITY.—A Specific Mortgage (subject only to the charge securing the existing Debenture Stock above-mentioned, which is to be paid off), on the main part of the Company's freehold and leasehold properties, fixed plant and machinery, etc.

REDEMPTION.—At 100 by 1967 by drawings at 100 per cent. or by purchase at or under 100 per cent.; or up to and including 30th September, 1937, at 105 per cent.; or after 30th September, 1937, and up to and including 30th September, 1947, at 102 per cent.; or thereafter at 100 per cent.

The Prospectus will state (inter alia):—

1. The Company was registered in 1900 and is one of the largest electrical manufacturing concerns in the British Empire.

2. **ASSETS.**—At 31st March, 1930 (including surplus from present issue after conversion or repayment of the 7 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock and payment of the expenses of the issue) £10,912,400

or sufficient to cover the Debenture Stock now offered more than three times.

3. PROFITS. —1926	£936,537
1927	872,661
1928	901,118
1929	902,771
1930	979,476

The amount required to provide the Interest and Sinking Fund for the present issue is £210,000 per annum, and it will be seen that such amount is covered more than four times on the above basis of profit and without reckoning any additional profits from the use of extra capital raised by the present issue.

Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders.

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